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The Spirit of the South.

THE ULTIMATUM OF THE SOUTH.

From The Richmond Enquirer, Jan 3.

THE only danger which the South has reason to apprehend is, that in consequence of an accidental combination of circumstances, it may lose its equality of political power in the Confederacy, be reduced to a sort of dependence upon the North, and, by an iniquitous policy of legislation, be despoiled of its advantages and restricted in its development. It is, then, of the last consequence to the welfare of the South, that it maintain its equality of power in the Union, so as to protect its rights, and prevent any unjust discrimination against its interests in the action of the Federal Government. But this result can be accomplished in only one way; and that is *by insisting on the legitimate expansion of the interests of the South.* We must keep a self-protecting power in our own hands, and to that end must demand equality of representation in the Senate. Let the people of the South, as the last expedient for the preservation of the Union, rally upon the principle of an extension of the Pro-Slavery power, *pari passu* with the aggrandizement of the power of the Anti-Slavery States. It is our right under the Constitution, and our right outside of the Constitution, in virtue of the necessities of self-protection. Liberated from the illegal restrictions and unjust operation of the Federal Government, and left free in the development of its splendid resources and the expansion of its vigorous institutions, the South would march forward in the career of glory with a firmer and faster step than was ever witnessed among nations. Oppressed by the burdens of unequal taxation, discouraged in the cultivation of its commercial and manufacturing interests, and dwarfed in its territorial expansion, the South will soon become the helpless dependency of the Anti-Slavery power. This is the alternative before us—a grandeur without parallel in history, or an ignominy which one shudders to contemplate in the bare conception. Will the South choose the career to which interest, honour and every manly motive, beckons it, or be content with the lot of the craven and the slave? The timid fool may whisper that the expansion of our institutions is an impracticable achievement; but nothing is impossible with the people of the South. If the North resists, upon what stronger ground could we stand than upon this issue of the extension or restriction of slavery? If the struggle is to come, let it come now, while yet we have the spirit and the power to defend our rights. If we are to fight, let us fight for a principle which is essential to our equality in the Union, or our independence out of the Union. Henceforth let the free expansion of its institutions be the ultimatum of the South.

From the same, January 7.

At the time of the organization of the present system of Confederation, in every State but one, slavery was a legal and actual institution. Now there are sixteen free and only fifteen slave States, and in some of these last slavery exists rather as a legal fiction than a living reality.

This is certainly a striking fact; and the remarkable disparity of growth between the two sections of the Union provokes inquiry into its causes. How comes it that the Anti-Slavery Power has appropriated to itself so disproportionate a share of the common territory? And how is it that but a few additional slave States have been incorporated in the Union? The fact would seem to imply some inherent weakness in slavery, and some superior energy in the institutions of the free States. But this is not a correct explanation of the mystery; for free soil has never been extended an inch of its own vigour, and prevails only where it is supported by arbitrary restrictions of legal enactment. Slavery, on the contrary, has not only held its own, but has penetrated wherever full scope has been left for its expansion. It has even established itself in regions where climate and soil are unpropitious to its existence. And all this it has accomplished in defiance of the obstacles which unconstitutional legislation has opposed to its progress. Such is the inherent vitality and power of slavery as a social and political institution.

We have already suggested a solution of the problem of the more rapid growth of Northern over Southern institutions. The former have been propagated by acts of Congress and the policy of Government; the latter have encountered restrictions of legislation and the opposition of Federal power in their expansive tendencies. First, the Ordinance of 1787, and then the Missouri restriction of 1820, were enacted, for the avowed purpose of limiting the area of slavery and extending the empire of free soil. By their concurrent operation, the South has been excluded from an almost immeasurable extent of the common territory; and the North has been enabled to attain its present ascendancy. Was this an equitable policy? In these acts, did the Government exhibit itself as the impartial protector of all the interests of a common country? Have not we of the South a right to complain of the burden which has been so unjustly imposed upon us? Is it not a cause of legitimate complaint that we have been forcibly excluded from so much of our own territory, and that, too, by the unconstitutional action of the very Government which is mainly supported by our patriotism and our treasure?

In the progress of events, the matter came to be regarded in this light; and in the Kansas-Nebraska act it was solemnly agreed, that hereafter Government would not exclude slavery from any Territory, but would leave it to the people of every nascent sovereignty to determine their institutions for themselves. This is a wise and wholesome principle, but its recognition in the policy of Government comes too late for the relief of the South. We did not only want justice for the future, but we were entitled to indemnity for past spoliation. The North has been enriched at our expense. Our growth has been dwarfed, to aggrandize the political power of anti-slavery. The South has been held back in the race, until it is almost hopeless to think of again getting abreast of the North. *In reason and in conscience, we might claim compensation for our losses, and demand to be put upon an equality with the free States.* But the North is deaf to the voice both of reason and of conscience, and we need make no such appeal to its justice or its magnanimity.

But we may insist that henceforth the North and the South shall progress pari passu *in the march of power, that the preponderance of the one shall not increase over the inferiority of the other; and that the slave States shall retain in their own hands the means of repelling an assault upon their institutions. In the Senate, the two sections stand upon equal ground. If this equality is perpetuated, the South may find a defence against aggression in the Confederacy. If the North is allowed to attain an ascendancy in the Senate, no constitutional check will restrain its encroachments, and the South will be driven to seek security out of the Union.*

For many years it was the policy of Government to balance the accession of a free State by the simultaneous admission of a slave State into the Union. *Why may not Government revert to this equitable arrangement? There is an abundance of territory south of the dividing line, to allow of an indefinite multiplication of slave States. The only difficulty is in the obstinate injustice of abolitionism; but the South encounters that obstacle in all its movements. Henceforth, we repeat, let the free expansion of its institutions be the ultimatum of the South.*

PLANS OF THE FILLIBUSTERS.

Washington Correspondence of The Baltimore Sun.

THE next Administration will, probably, have a very fair chance of carrying out any designs of territorial expansion which it may form, without much hindrance from the powers of the Old World. The *interests of the European world in their American colonies are declining.* Affairs at home are likely to engage their exclusive attention. While England is fillibustering in Asia, *she will permit the United States to fillibuster on this continent and the islands naturally dependent upon it.*

Before the first year of Mr. Buchanan's Presidency shall pass, we may see all Europe convulsed, and witness also a war in the East for the preservation and extension of the British empire in that quarter.

The United States may, meanwhile, be suffered, without hindrance, to absorb not only Mexico and the West Indies and Isthmian region, but as much of the continent north and south as may be desirable or desired. In allusion to the policy and destiny of England and America, a sentiment was lately given at a public festival in New York by the able correspondent of the London *Times*, Mr. Fillmore, which is worthy of note, because it was received with enthusiasm and unbounded applause, and is significant of the progress of events, to wit: that these two nations, the civilizers and conquerors of the world, are urging their way—the one eastward, the other westward—and that in the end they would together encircle the world till John and Jonathan meet under the walls of Japan.

It is in view of such territorial expansion that some of our statesmen are opposed to all treaties which define any limits to our territory, or obstruct our acquisition. We may, therefore, soon get a long way beyond the Monroe doctrine, and put into practice that of the Ostend Conference, only extending its application, according to the example of our great prototype, England, to any portion of this hemisphere which we may covet.

Selections.

"WE MUST BE ALLOWED TO CHOOSE OUR COMPANY."

From The (London) Anti-Slavery Advocate.

BY all means, my dear sir. Nothing can be more reasonable. We have all heard that "People are known by the company they keep," and that "Evil communication corrupts good manners." The claim is natural and reasonable; no word can be more innocent; but when we see how they are applied, we shall be better able to appreciate the spirit of the speaker.

A little more than eighteen hundred years ago, a certain Hebrew reformer and philanthropist, whose name has since been worshipped by countless millions of the human race, was denounced by the scribes and pharisees of the day as "a gluttonous man and a winebibber." They scorned him as an enemy of true religion, "a friend of publicans and sinners." Asserting their right to choose their own company, they would hold no communication with him. And finally they bribed one of his own followers to betray him into their hands, and hurried him before an unjust judge by whom he was condemned to death with their entire approbation.

And so it has often been with his devoted followers, who have laboured most assiduously to conform themselves to his example by doing justly, loving mercy, visiting the sick and imprisoned, undoing the heavy burdens and letting the oppressed go free. The worldly, the sanctimonious, the hollow professors in all ages, have been ready to mar the efforts of those whose devotedness and simple-hearted obedience to duty they cannot comprehend. Paul was called a pestilent fellow, who "seemed to be a setter forth of strange gods." All the vials of the coarsest abuse were poured forth upon Luther. George Fox spent half his time in jail in the worst of bad company, and was looked upon as an ignorant, troublesome and dangerous fanatic, whom no respectable man who valued his character would associate with. We have the testimony of the Rev. Sydney Smith that Mrs. Fry was disliked by the high churchmen of her time as "a low dissenter"; and they, doubtless, dreaded the evil her example might do by sanctioning dissent, much more than they rejoiced in the good resulting from her beneficent labours.

The heterodoxy of Milton, Newton and Howard has been groaned over by thousands of professors, who had no sympathy with the glorious strains of the poet, the sublime discoveries of the philosopher, or the lofty devotedness of the philanthropist. And of late, when Florence Nightingale set forth on her mission of mercy, the scribes and pharisees of our time would fain have stilled the throb of enthusiastic admiration which filled the national bosom, by throwing out hints that she was probably "a Unitarian."

As it was in times past, so is it now, and ever shall be; the worshippers of shallow respectability will estimate the noblest of their race, the very light and true glory of their time, not by the purity and devotedness of their lives and the greatness of the good they labour to accomplish, but by the miserable gauge of their own narrow sectarianism. In "chosing their company," they will have nothing to say to a man who has not the advantage of birth, of wealth, or of good religious standing, though he may evince the fervour of Paul, the courage of Luther, the industry of Wesley, or the unflinching fidelity to principle of Garrison.

We constantly flatter ourselves that if we had lived in the days of the persecuted apostles, confessors, or reformers of other times, we should not have been found among those who fired the stake, or locked the dungeon door, or launched the bolt of calumny against them. But we deceive ourselves. The narrow and intolerant spirit which animated Torquemada, Bonner and Gardiner, and the persecuting priests of the days of Charles the Second, is as rife as ever, though restrained in its forms of manifestation. If any religious sect had now that full power amongst us which Rome possessed in England in the days of Queen Mary, or the Anglican Church in those of Elizabeth, the press would, we fear, be as enslaved and the dungeons as full as at any former time.

Now there is no other religious or philanthropic movement of the present day to be compared in importance with that which has been carried on for the last twenty-five years for the abolition of slavery in the United States—a movement of which the originator and the present leader is Mr. Garrison. Originally a working printer, he has won for himself by the unstained purity of his moral character, his inflexible fidelity to the cause of emancipation, and his unswerving adhesion to principle in the conduct of his great enterprise, a reputation which ranks him foremost amongst the philanthropists of present or past times. His coadjutors are also men and women of unsurpassed courage, highmindedness, and tenacity of purpose. And they have need of them all, for no other purely philanthropic enterprise has had such difficulties to contend with. In the United States, slavery is in full possession of one-half of the country. The churches, the pulpits, and the Bible (as interpreted by the clergy) are all arrayed in its defence. At the North, the ties of sect, commerce, trade and family relationship are to a great extent enlisted on its side. The Constitution, the Union, and the harmony of the great religious bodies appeal to the strongest feelings of the ordinary American bosom on behalf of the slave system, and against any earnest efforts for its overthrow. The most determined resolution, the firmest conviction of the justice of their cause, and the strongest reliance upon divine aid are essential to support the Abolitionists in their holy war against the system which not only degrades millions of human beings to the level of brutes, but enslaves the poor whites as well as the blacks, corrupts public sentiment, makes the Bible an engine of oppression, disgraces the names of Christianity and of liberty, and lowers the prestige of free institutions throughout the civilized world. What can be hoped from an American Bible Society which points to the Bible as giving inspired sanction to that union of robbery, lust and murder called slavery? What from the missionaries sent forth by a land where such a system is gloried in, and upheld by the whole power of the Federal Government?

If the Abolitionists had been accessible to the blandishments of party, to the threats or persuasions of the leaders of sects, to the allurements of office, the lust of wealth, the love of ease, or the hope of fame, they never could have persevered in the teeth of such opposition. It was well said by that noble philanthropist, Isaac T. Hopper, of New York, that "it takes live fish to swim against the stream," and such fish are the Abolitionists in pursuing the path of duty. The timid, the self-seeking, the pharisaical, the wordly-wise, can have no abiding place amongst them. In pursuance of their high calling, they had to unmask the pretences of false-hearted professors of religion, and of those mouthers of the name of Christ who have nothing of Christ in their lives but the profession of his name. When the Bible has been presented as a bar to their progress, they have boldly examined its pretensions; and many of them have not scrupled to declare that if *any book* really justifies a system so utterly opposed to the very first principles of morality, they will reject it. To any true Protestant—that is, to every man who founds his religious convictions on his sense of justice, truth and morality, not upon a blind submission to authority—this sentiment, startling as it may at first read, must inevitably commend itself.

The American Anti-Slavery Society is made up of individuals of every shade of religious opinion; their only bond of union being the conviction of the sinfulness of slavery and of their duty to assist in its overthrow. To procure sympaty and aid for the Abolitionists is an object dear to the supporters of the *Anti-Slavery Advocate.* In no other way, as we believe, can the cause of God and of man be better promoted. When we "choose our company," we know not where to look for safer, better, more high-minded—aye, or more truly religious—companions.

These remarks have been suggested by our having lately heard a gentleman of high standing—who keeps his carriage, drives a roaring trade, and enjoys all the consideration which wealth and an influential position can give—declare that "he must be allowed to choose his own company," and that he could not include among his friends such people as Mr. Garrison and his coadjutors, seeing that some of them held views concerning the Bible which he could not countenance, and which had made the adhesion of such individuals injurious rather than serviceable to the anti-slavery cause. Truly things are coming to a pretty pass, when any successful rich man, no matter how "religious" he may be, can afford to scorn the company of the noblest orators, the most brilliant wits, the most learned scholars, the most devoted philanthropists in the United States, because they have not in all things squared their theology according to his prescriptions. And at the same time that this strange remark was made, another prosperous professor expressed himself as greatly shocked at learning that one of the Abolitionists had said, "If the Bible sanctions slavery, away with the Bible!" whereas *he* would say, "If the Bible sanctions slavery, let us have slavery." It may be that this declaration was accompanied in his own mind by the belief that no such sanction was therein contained. But when we heard this astounding sentiment uttered in the mildest voice, as if it were the most commonplace of truths, we thought how differently would the speaker feel if he, wich his young wife and pretty little daughter, had a short experience of the workings of that loathsome system of violence, lewdness, cruelty and murder wrapped up in the simple word *slavery*—a word with which we have become so familiar that we almost forget its tremendous significance.

From the variety of individuals with whom our interest in this cause has made us familiar, we have learned no longer to estimate men by their phylacteries or the loudness of their professions, for "by their fruits ye shall know them." True humility would make us distrust our own infallibility, and feel that those who conscientiously differ from us may be as precious in the divine sight as ourselves, and as likely to be God's chosen instruments for effecting his glorious and beneficent purposes. Those who in "choosing their company," reject such men as Garrison, Phillips, the Mays, Pilsbury, Quincy, Foster, Higginson, Parker, and such women as Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs Foster, Mrs. Follen, and the Weston family, from the number of their associates, must travel far before they find honester company; and must do more on the slave's behalf than malign his best friends, before much reliance can be placed on the warmth of their sympathy.

And it is odd enough that most of these gentlemen and ladies "who live at home at ease," not only refusing to associate with the Abolitionists, but labouring hard to mar their anti-slavery efforts because of their supposed doctrinal errors, are themselves regarded as schismatics of the worst stamp by the greater part of Christendom. They explain away the sacraments, renounce an ordained ministry, reject some parts of Scripture as uncanonical, and put constructions upon many most important texts in flat contradiction to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand professing Christians. Every Protestant scholar and divine who has ever commented upon the Bible, has taken on himself to judge of what passages were canonical and what uninspired, of what were genuine and what interpolated. For instance, Dr. Adam Clarke suggests that the serpent which tempted Eve was not a snake but a monkey; he is dubious about Solomon's song; and in his attempts to expound the Book of Revelations, has no better success than all the commentators who have preceded or followed him. And the Rev. Baden Powell, professor of mathematics in the University of Oxford, a man accustomed to think closely and to weigh every word he uses, declares, in reference to the facts of geology, that "the Mosaic narrative cannot be explained away by torturing the sense of words, or figurative interpretations in the details. It must be taken *as a whole:* and as a whole or continuous narrative, we manifestly see that it cannot be regarded as *historical.*"

Now what can be more absurd than to deny to the Abolitionists, who have to contend with a corrupt Church which perverts the Bible to the worst purposes, that liberty which every *thinking* Protestant claims and exercises for himself? In the United States, the high-minded, the large-hearted, and the truly enlightened applaud their efforts and admit their sincerity, even though they may not unite with all their modes of action. Mrs. Stowe's testimony to this effect we have repeatedly given. The poet Whittier lately sent to *The Liberator* a letter addressed to Mr. Garrison, expressive of admiring sympathy and affection; and Mr. Gerrit Smith, one of the *wealthiest,* most *respectable,* most *orthodox* men in the United States, whose good deeds are commensurate with his wealth, in a private letter dated Peterboro,' New York State, March 6, 1856, which we are permitted to quote from, says, "The leaders of the American Anti-Slavery Society are honest, bold, unflinching, self-denying reformers. If they are not Christian men, then to be Christ-like is not to be Christian. I am not particularly acquainted with William Lloyd Garrison's speculations about the inspiration of the Bible; but in my eye he is eminently a Bible man, whose life is in harmony with the great principles of the Bible, and whose heart is imbued with its spirit. I am not in the habit of going back of men's lives and spirits, to make up my opinion of them or to enquire into their speculations."

The folly and hypocrisy of the sanctimonious exclusiveness of which we complain are preposterous. There could be no combined effort for the abolition of slavery in the United States, if the few workers were to insist upon an uniformity of creed before they could labour in harmony. Gathered out of all sects and all parties, they are necessarily individuals of independent minds—the very worst materials to mould into a uniform sect. They agree that slavery is altogether wicked and must be abolished, but they cannot unite on those subjects on which the absolute agreement of people *who think* is impossible. Sectarian anti-slavery effort has come to nothing in the United States. The interests of sectarian leaders or the reputation of the sect have always smothered their anti-slavery zeal. Effective action could only be hoped for from people who make the slave's cause, not the assertion of theological dogmas, their principal object. To no other philanthropic enterprise has the spirit of exclusiveness been so hostile as to the anti-slavery cause, for in no other have the true workers been so often obliged to question the fidelity of sects and professors to their declared principles.

In our opinion, the worst and most mischievous enemies of the slave in these islands, are a few women who go from house to house, doing their utmost to damage the influence of the slave's best friends—not by imputations against their characters, for they have none to make—but by arousing the prejudices of the narrow-minded, bigoted, and ignorant, by charges against the soundness of the religious opinions of some prominent Abolitionists. When these people meet with Unitarians, they are "liberal" and "free-minded." They recount all the Unitarian ministers and their wives who are among their supporters, and sometimes even let it out that Rev. Theodore Parker has lectured before the association of ladies in Rochester, New York, with which they correspond. Amongst persons of evangelical tendencies, on the other hand, they are flamingly orthodox. The efforts of such persons as we allude to, are also further directed to turn the tide of effective sympathy from the cause itself, so as to promote the pecuniary interests of an individual protegé of their own; and by this token they may be generally known wherever they commence operations.

YOUNG CONSERVATISM.

[The following spicy article, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. CHEEVER, would seem to have been prompted in view of the excitement at present existing in the "Young Men's Christian Associations" of Brooklyn and New York on the subject of slavery, caused by the introduction of resolutions condemning that sacred, patriarchal and conservative institution as a sin.]

THE quality of youth is always delightful. It is full of hope, of joyousness, of freedom, generous impulse, openness, frankness, simplicity, playfulness, the freshness and fragrance of Spring, promise, confidence, belief without much calculation. Experience boils down these qualities into a *nepenthe*, a wise and generous cordial of duty and of life. They are gradually concentrated into lasting and noble character. They are elements of native soil, in which the seeds of wisdom take root, and gather nourishment and growth, and at length produce a harvest. But precociousness is not wisdom, and if the caution and gravity of wisdom come first, the result is apt to be nothing but selfishness, meanness, cowardice, and contractedness of view.

Young conservatism is like premature old age. We hear of Young Italy, Young England, Young America, and we understand thus the somewhat wild but free, noble, generous impulses of a national youth renewed like the eagle's; young blood, young emotions, young confidence, taking the place of old, hackneyed, disappointed, diplomatic, despotic, soured, political hearts. But young conservatism is a crabbed reverse of the order of a healthful nature. It is as if the head of old Diogenes or Aristotle were put upon the shoulders of a youthful Shakspeare or Milton, and the experienced and almost ossified old heart of the philosopher set to beating under young ribs at the same time. It is old fogyism in the school-room and on the play-ground.

But it may have a very unexpected development. The conservatism of age and the impulse of youth coming together, the impulse may possibly upset the conservatism and produce strange antics. Conservatism under impulse is as if the rudder should be set at the bow of the vessel, or the safety-valves at the door of the furnace. It is as if a cork-screw were so constructed that the steel spiral should work itself into your hand, and the cork into the bottle. Conservatism being intended to restrain impulse, and put it under the bits of a selfish expediency, must not itself be loaded with passion, and take fire by impulse. But young conservatism sometimes does this, and produces great confusion in its own ranks. It is like the war-horse of an English nobleman, whom his master, in preparation for a review by the monarch, had ordered to be carefully trained to *back out* from the military presence, so that he could pay his king the compliment of retiring from his face without turning; but the brute was so perfectly or over-thoroughly trained that, in consequence of a slight mistake, he obstinately set his hind quarters *against* his majesty, and presented the discomfited courtier *à posteriori*, amidst the roars and confusion of the whole staff!

There are very few persons who understand the admirable virtues of conservatism. It is ordinarily regarded as an astringent and styptic for society; or a system of brakes, to stop the fastest rail-train from destruction; or of powerful drags to keep the diligence from too swift a pace down hill. It is a venerable, time-honoured *dragocracy*, a harness all made up of breeching, the bit and reins in the hind-quarters, and the whole power of impulse in the obstinacy of the retroactive muscles. These are doubtless great and good uses, but to what purpose, if there were no motion at all, no fire, no steam, no running down hills? Where you have a conservatism that sets fires, that gets up steam, that propels slow coaches up hill faster than they used to go down, there you have a social power to boast of; or when you discover and bring into activity such properties, as when you vulcanize India-rubber, or economize your very smoke for fuel, or compel into the service of your writing and engraving what used to do your rubbing out, or into your growth and nourishment what used only to stint and poison you, then you have done a great thing indeed.

We are not without expectation of such a discovery in the bosom of modern conservatism; we are evidently on the verge of it. Conservatism begins to be a great motive power. It is already a good, solid whetstone to keep agitation sharp. Discussion would be blunted, would lose all its interest, edge, and power of excitemeut, if conservatism did not rasp it into keenness. Conservatism is as good as a flint for the steel to strike a fire with. There is plenty of tinder, and nothing is needed but a concussion to set it on fire. If conservatism had the wisdom to lay itself down flat and immovable upon the tinder, there would be no fire, no agitation. But the moment the steel appears, then the conservatism is tormented with a passion for striking, and, as if the two had changed places—as if the flint had voluntarily assumed the work of the steel, for the very purpose of firing the tinder—the conservatism makes an angry thrust, and lo! there is a blaze in a moment.

Conservatism is the most self-willed, fool-hardy thing in the world. It must needs shake its red cloak at the bull's horns; or, like a mad bull, it runs a tilt against every rag that to its distorted vision seems to be the banner of a radical reform. It must needs thrust itself into every discussion, and, for *fear* of a commotion, *raises* a commotion where there was danger of nothing but stagnation—so that we are really under great obligations to our wise conservatists, who are torturing themselves with the struggle to keep down agitation, and to put out fires. They get out their fire-engines, they run to and fro with trumpets, they raise such a tempest of alarm, that the whole people turn out at the outcry. Conservatism is like an old woman, whose cotton skirt has caught a spark from snuffing her candles, and who, instead of smothering it with a blanket, runs into the open air, and cries for help. What she could have put out at once by just applying to it a corner of the hearth-rug, kindles into a flame by the effort to make known the danger and raise the alarm. Conservatism is sometimes as touchy and explosive as gun-cotton, and goes off at half-cock. Then, again, sometimes from forced confinement and suffocation there is a spontaneous combustion forever going on, as among cotton-bales in the hold of a ship, ready to burst into a blaze, the moment the hatches are opened.

Our conservatists presumptuously conceive themselves each a walking insurance company, a locomotive salamander safe, a perfect Phillips' Annihilator; but you have only to mention the word SLAVERY, and *presto*, instead of an insurance against fire, you have a cask of gunpowder; instead of a machine for putting it out, you have an explosive flame-generator. You can kindle each one of them into a stream of pyrotechnics, a wheel of sputtering, fizzing, furious, miniature volcanoes, madder than Fourth of July, by just proposing a series of harmless resolutions concerning the sinfulness of slaveholding.

When young men set up as conservatists, it is something like children putting on the wigs of their grandfathers, and riding a-straddle their canes. Some of the children of this generation seem resolved to take upon themselves the wrinkles and the majesty of age beforehand. The young men undertake to be the nursing fathers of society, preparing the porridge and posset of a conservative expediency, and hemming bibs and tuckers for the valetudinarians of the churches. Such a young men's association is as good as a society of spinsters for the drying of herbs, and the preparation of receipt books. They can tell you all about the virtues of sage tea and wormwood, and how many children John Rogers the martyr left at his death, and how to sing, "Hush my dear, lie still and slumber!" We do not know that there is any such incorporated association of conservative exquisites in our day, but we have been somewhat amused at the storm raised in the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn, by the recent proposition of a series of simple resolutions proposed to be carried, and of course, debated, in regard to the sinfulness of slavery. The resolutions are abstractions; they are not a park of brazen artillery, loaded with grapeshot against sinners; and considered as a pill to swallow, they are a very mild form of what might have been administered as a raking medicine. Simple as they are, they have raised a storm in New York as well as Brooklyn.

But what is there of mischief, or danger, or disturbance, or inappropriateness, or indecency, or outrage in these resolves? What is the difficulty, what is the terror? Surely, slavery is either sinful or not sinful, and if it be sinful, we ought to know it, and if it be not sinful, it ought not to be so dreadfully slandered and abused; and the Young Men are the very recruits that, with the spirit of chivalry, nobleness and courage, in behalf of the oppressed, always so appropriate to them, and that always sits so gracefully upon them, should come to its rescue. Of what are they afraid? Do they fear to shut the parses of great cotton merchants against them? But if they resolve themselves into a grand jury of discussion, and bring in a verdict of not guilty, then they are secure. Do they fear a split in the body, or an assault in the established style with canes and bludgeons? Or do they imagine themselves in South Carolina, in form and essence of a college, with tar and feathers at the door, if the morality of slavery be brought into question? Is this subject to be *tabooed* in an association of young men in a free city?

At first it used to be said, You must not make this a political question, but restrict yourselves to moral suasion. You may vapour and declaim to your heart's content, provided you will not make the question of slavery a political issue. Keep it out of politics; it is exclusively a moral and religious concern. When, at length, in the great progress of freedom, a mighty political party have made this the one grand issue, the terror runs another way. The fact that it has become a political question is alleged in bar of its being made a religious question. It must not be mentioned in the churches, it must not be referred to in the pulpits, it must not be discussed in the Young Men's Christian Associations, and not only all moral suasion, but all discussion, is interdicted, because it enters largely into politics as well as religion and morality. The altar of politics is henceforth a sacred and safe refuge for the protection of all iniquity; let it run thither in season, and Solomon himself dare not drag it out! So the young men are put in terror of making the moral character of slavery a subject of debate, lest their association be called political. They cannot be permitted to express an opinion for fear of political prejudice. Theatres and dancing may safely be meddled with, but slavery must not be touched. An independent body of Christian young men muzzled and silenced on this one subject of all absorbing interest and importance, and forbidden to bear any testimony in regard to it, or to make it the theme of investigation and discussion! Can it be so? We do not believe that this policy of stifling and muzzling will be permitted to prevail. Let it be remembered that one essential element of true conservatism is free discussion; without that, it is only the conservatism of evil. "For every one that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God." Every conservative of evil is a hater of the light, and of free discussion.—*Independent.*

DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

WHAT traveller, what voyager has ever evinced greater moral heroism, greater powers of endurance, more modesty, more humanity, greater fidelity to duty than Elisha Kent Kane, M.D., U.S.N., as those qualities are depicted in the two thrilling volumes of his "Arctic Explorations," which detail the result of the second Grinnell expedition in search of Sir John Franklin in 1853, 1854, and 1855? Any of our readers who wish to know what the human frame can endure and human daring accomplish, when impelled by noble motives, in the face of want, appalling sufferings from danger, disease, starvation, and the extremest cold of a Polar Winter, should read Dr. Kane's work, and they will thank us for having introduced these volumes to their notice.

Our chief present reason, however, for referring to them, is to express our regret that this truly great American, in naming the geographical positions discovered by him, has attempted to perpetuate some infamous names amongst the rest. It will puzzle posterity to know what John C. Calhoun, the guilty champion of slavery, himself a slaveholder—what Lewis Cass, the Northern man with Southern principles, the Senator of a free State who has spent a long life of devotion to the interests of the slave States—what Daniel Webster, who prostituted noble gifts in behalf of slavery, for the sake of attaining the Presidential chair, and who died broken-hearted because the object of his ambition was ignominiously refused him—what Henry Clay, the hoary slaveholder and inventor of pro-slavery compromises which his successors have broken and blown to the winds—we repeat, it will puzzle posterity to know what any of these men have done to deserve that their names should be connected with the bays and capes of the sublime regions explored by their gallant countryman. Cape Garrison, the Bay of Wendell Phillips, Cape Stephen Foster, the Bay of Parker Pillsbury, Cape Quincy, Lucretia Mott Island, Cape Maria W. Chapman, Francis Jackson Cove, &c., &c., would have reminded the future visitors of North Greenland, of moral qualities employed for the exaltation, not the degradation, of humanity, in a way to warm the hearts of the explorers. Such names would fill them with pleasant associations. The blush of shame would not be called forth, as must inevitably be the fate of American investigators in coming years, when the names of such men as Buchanan, Dallas, Clay, Calhoun, and Pierce will live only as those of men who rose by bad acts and mean qualities, or the prostitution of great ones, to positions of honour and trust in the United States, and who employed their high position to the infamy and degradation of their native land.—*Anti-Slavery Advocate.*

WORCESTER DISUNION CONVENTION.

[The Disunion Convention at Worcester, Mass., originating outside of the Old School Abolitionists, and the call for which has been in this paper for several weeks past, assembled on the 15th inst. A correspondent of *The Tribune* mentions the following names of gentlemen who had sent replies to the invitation to them to attend the Convention, namely: Senator Wilson, Joshua R. Giddings, Charles Francis Adams, the Hon. Amasa Walker, the Hon. Geo. R. Russell, the Hon. O. W. Albee, Prof. Stowe, and the Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York; but as the letters are too long for publication he gives the following synopsis of them.]

SENATOR WILSON REGRETS THE MOVEMENT.

Henry Wilson says:

"I have read with sincere and profound regret this call on the people of Massachusetts to meet in Convention to consider the practicability, probability and expediency of a separation of the free and slave States. I regret to find gentlemen rushing into a movement which can have no other issues than to put a burden upon the cause to which they have given so many years of self-sacrificing toil, and to impair their influence in the future. Impotent for good, this movement can only be productive of evil. It may be seized upon by adroit political leaders to alarm the timid; to deceive and mislead those who have already been deluded and misled by artful men into the support of the interests of slavery. Imprudent words or rash deeds on the part of the opponents of slavery, only add to the power of those in the North and in the South who have used the people to secure the ascendancy of the Slave Propagandists.

"The American people are a patriotic people. They love their country—their whole country. The preservation of that Union which makes us one people is with them a duty imposed alike by interest and patriotism. If the movement at Worcester shall have any effect at all, it will only serve to array against those who are battling to arrest the further extension of slavery and the longer domination of the slave-perpetualists, that intense, passionate and vehement spirit of nationality which glows in the bosoms of the American people.

"I avail myself, therefore, of your invitation to 'communicate my sentiments' to the Convention, to frankly announce to you and the signers of this call, that I have no sympathy for, nor can I have any connection with any movement which contemplates the dissolution of the Union. The logic of the head and the logic of the heart teach me to regard all such movements, either in the North or South, as crimes against Liberty. I denounced, during the late canvass, the unpatriotic and treasonable language of Southern politicians and presses. I have denounced them here on the floor of the Senate. I shall hold the incoming Administration responsible before the country, if it bestows its patronage upon *The Richmond Enquirers, Charleston Mercuries* and *New Orleans Deltas*, and I shall resist the conflagration of the Wises, the Floyds, and the Rhetts of the South, if they shall be placed before us for official positions.

"I cannot but indulge the hope that when the signers of this call shall assemble in the heart of our Commonwealth, they will conclude to leave all the impotent and puerile threats against the Union to the Southern Slave Propagandists, and proclaim their readiness to follow, in the conflict of the future, the banner of 'Liberty and Union,' around which rallied, in the late canvass, nearly fourteen hundred thousand intelligent and patriotic American Freemen. A firm and inflexible adherence to this constitutional and patriotic position will, I am confident, secure the prohibition of slavery in all places under the exclusive authority of Congress, overthrow the Slave Power in the National Government, and prepare the way for the peaceful emancipation of the bondmen by the consent of the slaveholding States.

"Yours truly, HENRY WILSON."

The letter of the venerable J. R. Giddings is very eloquent and earnest; but your space will not permit me to copy it. Let these brief extracts suffice for specimens of its tone:

SOME RESULTS OF SLAVERY.

"I hesitate not to say that this Government has been so administered, for the last quarter of a century, as to be destructive of the lives, the liberties and the happiness of a portion of the people; in short, it has become destructive of the very objects for which it was established. Its influence and its powers have been exerted to extend the most barbarous system of human bondage known to mankind. Three distinct and separate wars have been waged to uphold and maintain the system of American Slavery. More than three hundred millions of dollars have been drawn from the pockets of our laboring people and paid out by Government for that purpose, and more than five hundred thousand human victims have been sent to premature graves to uphold and maintain the interests of an institution which the present Administration and its supporters are seeking to extend and eternize. In one of the wars alluded to, eighty thousand freemen were sacrificed to this Moloch of Oppression, and in one day recently, three hundred fathers, mothers and children were barbarously butchered by our army for no other crime than attachment to their God given right to Liberty; and the groans of men and women murdered in Kansas by employes of our Government, have not yet ceased to ring in our ears.

"We have acquired vast territory and spread the curse of human bondage over it; we have erected nine slaveholding States and received them into our Federal Union; we have authorized slavery in Utah, New Mexico and Western Texas; we have authorized a coastwise commerce in human flesh which is now carried on under the protection of the American flag; we have established slavery and the slave trade in the District of Columbia, and involved our people of the free States in the disgrace, the crime and the expense of returning fugitives from oppression; under the fostering care of the Federal Government the number of slaves have increased more than three millions, and throughout fifteen States and three Territories bereaved fathers and mothers mourn the loss of children torn from their embrace by brutal slavedealers; and brothers and sisters, separated from each other, sigh and weep in chains; and millions of hearts are bleeding under the accumulated wrongs of that institution." * * * * *

DISSOLUTION, AND QUESTIONS OF POLICY.

"I hesitate not to declare that the Federal Government has been distructive of the ends for which it was instituted, and the people now hold the clear and indisputable 'right to alter or abolish it' and establish a new one; and that the further maintainance of it is purely a question of *policy*, not of *duty*."

UNION THE TRUE POLICY.

"I think we should remain in the Union, not for the purpose of upholding and extending slavery, but for the purpose of upholding and extending *Liberty*. If we unite upon the doctrine put forth in our Republican platform, our success cannot be delayed or postponed.

* * * * * * * *

"I think our duty and policy unite in urging us to maintain the Union *as it is*, and to reject all propositions to form new Unions with the Polygamists of Utah or the slaveholders of Cuba; that we should be active and energetic in our efforts to restore the Government to its original position in favour of freedom; that we should increase the number of free States until the Slave Power shall be dwarfed to an insignificant portion of our Federal Union; that no man shall be elected to any office who hesitates to exert his political and moral influence to carry out the designs of those who established our Government; that we shall continue to arouse the public conscience of the Nation until oppression shall cease to exist outside of the slave States; we will then say to the slaveholders of those States: 'Unbind the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free,' or if you prefer to remain, let that institution *perish with it.*

"Very respectfully, J. R. GIDDINGS."

Mr. Giddings, I may remark in speaking of what Theodore Parker, the other Sunday, in a premeditated sermon, called "the recent righteous insurrections," does not fail to designate the killing of slaves as MURDER of the innocents. Several Republican papers, I observed, talked of John Bell's losses, as if the unoffending slaves who were murdered by the mob had been hogs, hardware, office-holders, or other mere property.

Charles Francis Adams, in a courteous, ably-written letter, states that after careful examination of the grounds of the proposition, "neither as a moral, as a social or as a political question could I give an affirmative answer to the doctrine of separation," and discusses

Union could be brought about he left for others to suggest. He was for Liberty and Union if possible, but Liberty anyhow, in the Union or out of it, under the Constitution or over it (loud applause). If that was treason, make the best of it. The Union was never worth anything to any man in the free States, except at the commencement of the Government. That necessity no longer exists (applause); but still he could not see how dissolution is to take place, except by such a reorganization of public opinion as shall represent it truly. We never had had such an organization yet; our politicians acted always as conductors, to draw off the moral electricity, which otherwise would ere this have annihilated slavery (applause).

Gen. Higginson read extracts from the letter of the Hon. A. Walker, part of which I sent to you, the letter of Senator Wilson, and a communication just received from Theodore Parker. It was in Theodore's best style. I will send it on.

Gen. Higginson, after reading Senator Wilson's letter, remarked that it was *not* written by S. A. Douglas or Caleb Cushing, but by a man who, not long ago, complained that politicians were behind the people, and now proved it (applause).

A crazy man arose in the body of the hall and objected to the terms *Hon.* and *Gen.*, as applied to Wilson. He did not regard Wilson as an "honourable" man, because he compromised with slavery, nor as a "General," because generals fight; and when Wilson was challenged, he did n't (laughter).

The Committee then reported the following resolutions, which were read and laid before the Convention for criticism:

PLATFORM OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS.

Resolved, That the meeting of a State Disunion Convention, attended by men of various parties and affinities, gives occasion for a new statement of principles and a new platform of action.

Resolved, That the cardinal American principle is now, as always, Liberty; while the prominent fact is now, as always, Slavery.

Resolved, That the conflict between the principle of Liberty and this fact of Slavery has been the whole history of the nation for fifty years; while the only result of this conflict has thus far been to strengthen both parties and prepare the way for a yet more desperate struggle.

Resolved, That in this emergency we can expect little or nothing from the South itself, because it is sinking deeper into barbarism every year;

Nor from a Supreme Court which is always ready to invent new securities for slaveholders;

Nor from a President elected almost solely by Southern voters;

Nor from a Senate which is permanently controlled by the Slave Power;

Nor from a new House of Representatives, which, in spite of our agitation, will be more Pro-Slavery than the present one, though the present one has at length granted all which Slavery asked;

Nor from *political action*, as now conducted; for the Republican leaders and presses freely admitted, in public and private, that the election of Fremont was, politically speaking "the last hope of Freedom," and even could the North cast an united vote in 1860, the South has before it four years of annexation previous to that time.

Resolved, That the fundamental difference between mere political agitation and the action we propose, is this: that the one requires the acquiescence of the Slave Power, and the other only its opposition.

Resolved, That the necessity of disunion is written in the whole existing character and condition of the two sections of the country—in their social organization, education, habits and laws—in the dangers of our white citizens in Kansas, and of our coloured ones in Boston—in the wounds of Charles Sumner and the laurels of his assailants; and no Government on earth was ever strong enough to hold together such opposing forces.

Resolved, That this movement does not seek merely disunion, but the more perfect union of the Free States by the expulsion of the Slave States from the confederation, in which they have ever been an element of discord, danger and disgrace.

Resolved, That it is not probable that the ultimate severance of the Union will be an act of deliberation or discussion—but that a long period of deliberation and discussion must precede it; and this we meet to begin.

Resolved, That henceforward, instead of regarding it as an objection to any system of policy, that it will lead to the separation of the States, we will proclaim that to be the highest of all recommendations, and the grateful proof of statesmanship; and will support politically or otherwise, such men and measures as appear to tend most to this result.

Resolved, That, by the repeated confession of Northern and Southern statesmen, "the existence of the Union is the chief guaranty of Slavery"; and that the despots of the whole world have everything to fear, and the slaves of the whole world everything to hope, from its destruction, and the rise of a Free Northern Republic.

Resolved, That the sooner the separation takes place, the more peaceful it will be; but that peace or war is *a secondary consideration*, in view of our present perils. Slavery must be conquered, "peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must."

Mr. Samuel May, Jr., spoke to the resolutions, and in opposition to Mr. Parker's letter.

The President made some additional humorous remarks, and Mr. Garrison augured bright prospects for the cause from the fact that a *Bird* of Freedom had hovered over the Convention.

But for neither Mr. May, the President nor Mr. Garrison will the mail keep open; and therefore I must conclude my letter at once. J. R.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

WORCESTER, Jan. 17, 1857.

The afternoon session of the Disunion or Revolutionary Convention was largely attended. Three prominent men—earnest, eloquent, uncompromising advocates of Revolution—addressed the audience in speeches of extraordinary ability—misapplied it may be, but no less splendid on that account, if we regard their addresses merely as specimens of American oratory. Higginson, Garrison, Wendell Phillips—whether traitors, saints, or fanatics—are men of no ordinary mold. They are master-archers, even if, like the Grecian warrior we read of in history, they never hit what they aim at because their target is far beyond human range. If they were members of a National political party, their praises would be in every mouth from Maine to Texas; but they seem to prefer a more limited reputation, and the curses to the blessings of the majority. "Eloquence was dog cheap" at the Revolutionary Convention. What the masses call common sense was uncommonly uncommon. Time alone can determine whether common or *uncommon* sense is the truest wisdom.

I make these remarks to show our Southern cousins who these men are who advocate revolution, and in order to make it evident that no just conception of their style can be given in a synopsis of their speeches. You have space for a brief sketch only, which may enable the reader to understand their theory, but not their able advocacy of it. There is not, for example, as every one who has heard him knows, a more eloquent orator in the Union than Wendell Phillips; but to appreciate him he must be heard, or read without abridgment.

Gen. Higginson was the first speaker. He opened by protesting against Mr. Garrison's thanks to Mr. Bird for presiding over the Convention. He thought that to preside over such a Convention—to advocate such a cause—was honour enough for any man. No man, however eminent, intellectually or socially, could cast any lustre on this movement. He eulogised Garrison and his party as the educators of the people, from whom he had learned far more than he ever gleaned from colleges, schools, books or professors. We who had kept ourselves "respectable" by concealing ourselves behind lies which they had made themselves obnoxious by exposing, had no right to their thanks when we came out and stood with them to help them. We owed everything to them.

The men who stood here held various views even on this question. Some held that the Constitution was a pro-slavery document, as Garrison; some that it is anti-slavery in its character, as Mr. Bird; others, like himself, believed, as Talleyrand said of another Constitution, that it meant everything and can mean nothing on this question, for it was made on purpose to say that (laughter). There was no union among the Revolutionists but union on disunion. They were united on the duty of disunion. We do not realize the importance of this movement. We are all nearer disunion than we believe. The earth is crumbling beneath us, and we will tumble in before we know it some day.

CHARLES SUMNER'S FUTURE COURSE.

If he had ever doubted the necessity of this movement, these doubts would have all been driven back into his soul and riveted there forever by one hour he spent last month with the wreck of what was once Charles Sumner. When he stood before that noble form, once so strong and stately, but now, even after months of convalescence, so weak and tottering, when he recalled the firm tones of that now changed voice, and the lightning from those eyes, now so blanched, and remembered he might never again have physical strength enough to be what he was before an assassin crept up behind him; when he saw how Charles Sumner was longing to be and do what he was before, and saw what he was and was likely to remain, th. t spectacle would have been sufficient to make him forever an eternal and uncompromising enemy of a Union which resulted in and was powerless to prevent so inhuman an outrage in its National Halls (applause).

Said I to him, "When you go back, of course you go back to reiterate what you have said before?"

"Reiterate!" said he, "there are persons who think that it might not be easy to say anything on the subject of slavery and slaveholding much stronger than I said before; but I can tell you that if ever I get back to Washington to make the speech that I shall make when I do get there, it will be to my last speech in the Senate of the United States as first proof brandy to molasses and water" (prolonged applause).

The speaker asked him what he expected would be the personal consequences of such a speech. Sumner replied, "I suppose I shall be shot; I don't see what else is left for them to do."

The speaker then sternly—mild folks would say savagely—contrasted this spirit with "the spaniel spirit" of Wilson, and argued that a Union where Senators had to peril life in the exercise of their inherent rights was worse than useless. He said, speaking of political action, what the foremost statesman of America said recently at a private party, that he had not enjoyed the luxury of speaking his mind for twenty years—in the Union statesmen could not do so safely on the subject of slavery. The General had some follies left, but thanked God he had got over that one of loving the Union.

He quoted from Republican speakers before the last election to prove that the defeat of Fremont was the last trial of Freedom against Slavery under the Union which could be effective. Having failed, he argued that dissolution should follow. He did not believe the Republican party could rally in 1860 and be successful. Wilson and Banks did not believe it, and they ought to know. The talk of the moral effect of the election he considered nonsense. The Democrats planned the last campaign in 1852, expecting to lose every Northern State, but determined to ally the party to the South, to show, as they had the power, the North would be obliged to come over. He knew they planned this scheme in 1852 from his own personal knowledge—it was not a matter of belief but fact.

He admitted that Free Soil parties long ago had passed anti-slavery resolutions—even run abolition candidates—but they were not in earnest, and you could not organize a constitutional political party to rely on. Leaders would betray. Dissolution alone would root out slavery. Disunion was the destiny of this nation—its political necessity.

Mr. Earle, of Worcester, read a very radical disunion speech. It will be printed, with all the other speeches, in *The Liberator*—to which, therefore, I must refer the reader who wishes to peruse it, for I have not time or space to condense it here.

Wm. Eloyd Garrison was received with applause. He was not surprised at the unwillingness of men to join a revolutionary movement, or publicly to advocate dissolution of the Union. It was long before he could shake off his prejudices of education and false patriotism and recommend disunion. It was a good omen that men were slow in adopting such a policy. If the masses had joined such a party as this suddenly, he would not have given much for their support nor had much to hope from the movement. It would have proved to be a mere impulse, not a conviction. Slowly as conviction progresses its growth is sure and the result inevitable. The revolutionary men of '76 hung back year after year, hoped against hope for a long period, before they determined to dissolve their union with England. We had the same prejudices to overcome in the minds of honest men as the early advocates of independence had, and the same enemies to encounter. The race of Tories survived the Revolution, and they still live. As the revolution we advocate is more important and far-reaching than theirs, and the tyranny we oppose more odious than that they endured, so it is to be presumed that honest minds should hesitate long before going into it. Let us argue and wait, and in a few years they will act with us.

The speaker then proceeded to state whom they might expect to join and who oppose this movement. Without giving his comments, I state them in his order. Against the movement—as witnesses of God to the justice of this cause—there would be arrayed, 1st, The present tools of this Pro-Slavery Government, both here, South and in every Northern State, whose opposition is a fight for bread and butter. 2d, Northern Hunkers and time-servers. 3d, Men engaged in trade in a mercenary spirit, whose God is Mammon. 4th, Mere political men—Henry Wilson, for example—a man who never leads, but follows always in the rear of public opinion. He believed Wilson to be an anti-slavery man, as far as politicians go, but, like them all, he would not sacrifice himself to the anti-slavery cause (applause). Mr. Garrison characterized Wilson's letter as a disgrace to himself and to the State, and ought to be hung round his neck, like a millstone, till he became ashamed of it. It aroused the speaker's moral indignation. He read an extract from *The Richmond Enquirer*, characterizing Wilson as unworthy the name of a decent dog. Garrison thought Wilson felt this epithet, and was trying to become, not a decent dog, but a decent spaniel (loud applause). The duty of Disunionists was to change public sentiment, and then they would have all the Henry Wilsons of the North as willing to represent the disunion spirit as they now are to embody sycophancy (applause). 5th, The prostituted pulpits would be against this movement. 6th, The rabble would be against it.

In favour of this movement would soon be—

1. Those whose reverence for God is greater than for human institutions—who only seek to know what is His will and nothing beyond it. Such are opposed, or soon will be, to that horrible covenant with death, and terrible agreement with Hell—the Federal Constitution, and Union growing out of it. 2. All who are uncompromising for liberty will be or are with us.

He referred to the fact that this movement was ridiculed because it had so few followers. All great reforms—he instanced several—had small beginnings; all of them were ridiculed at first, and afterward feared and honoured. Right is always strong.

He next considered the objection urged against this movement—that it would, if successful, leave the slave to his fate. Men who never before had uttered one word for the slave now urged this reason. Even Parker had suggested it. It surprised him. It was a strange objection to make to men who had devoted a quarter of a century to an advocacy of the rights of the slave. It was a mere man of straw. He was for dissolution—not for the purpose of deserting, but liberating the slave. Slavery could not stand one day without union. Knowing that fact, he was for dissolution (applause). If we had a Northern Free republic, we could shelter the fugitive and defy the slaveholder; but now, we must hunt one and bow to the other; uphold, extend and perpetuate slavery—all this the Union did, and yet men talked of preserving the Union for the sake of the slave!

The speaker then advanced his interpretation of the Constitution—that it is a pro-slavery instrument.

His objection to the Constitution was a novel one. This question is not one of expediency—a question of interest as between North and South; he was a Disunionist because the Union had been framed, carried on, extended, for the benefit of slavery, and made Massachusetts a partner in the crime of the Carolinas. It is a damning sin to strike hands with thieves. This the Constitution causes its supporters to do. It was the most abominably wicked thing since the world began, for it enslaves four millions of God's children beyond hope of deliverance.

It was an insane experiment to unite two antagonistic elements. Between North and South there is no real Union; we pay our bond, but not so the South, which extinguishes personal liberty, freedom of speech, of press and of pulpit within her borders; which deprives our citizens of their rights while sternly demanding that we shall tolerate their iniquities.

At the close of the Disunion Convention of yesterday, the following gentlemen were appointed as a State Committee: The Rev. T. W. Higginson, of Worcester; the Hon. Francis W. Bird, of Walpole; Charles K. Whipple, of Boston; Gen. E. M. Hosmer, of West Boylston; Charles Brigham, of Marlboro'; the Rev. Samuel May, Jr., of Leicester; Dr. Daniel Mann, of Sterling; Seth Hunt, of Northampton; Elbridge Sprague, of Abington. J. R.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

[The following sketch of a speech by WENDELL PHILLIPS—delivered, we believe, on the evening of the first day—is from the report of *The Tribune*.]

Wendell Phillips then took the platform and was received with loud applause. We are essentially two nations, said he, and it is always wise to have that in form which we have in essence. All shams are evils. Judging the North and the South by the fairest test, its press, no man could deny that we were two nations. Mark the whole tone of the Southern press in regard to the Sumner outrage, and where could they find in the literature of France or England such language toward the rival nation, even when those two peoples were at the widest point of disunion? Even when we thought the nation had reached its nadir of infamy in Webster, and Calhoun, and Clay, no decent man went into the Senate Chamber armed; but now, no man went there intending to speak his honest thoughts, without a revolver under his cloak, and did not venture into the street, save in the company of friends, to guard against assassination. The Union had brought the nation to this.

In what had the North ever been successful? They were defeated on the Missouri question, on Florida, Louisiana, Texas, the Fugitive Slave law, the Nebraska bill; and the only seeming success they had ever had was the vindication of the freedom of debate in Congress, and the result of that triumph was written in the assassination of Charles Sumner. That had been the result of the past fifty years of our history, and what reason had we to expect that the fifty years to come, if we continued in the same relation, would show a different result?

Mr. Phillips then referred to the letter of Mr. Giddings, extracts from which had been read, characterizing it as far more philosophical, and indicating a wiser appreciation of the anti-slavery movement than that of Senator Wilson. He had had that wisdom beaten into him by the experience of twenty years of gallant battle in behalf of the right. That had been his normal school (cheers). He (Giddings) knows the use of just such an enterprise as that in which they were engaged. He was sorry to say that Henry Wilson did not seem to know it, or else he had been frightened out of the willingness to confess it by Mr. Brown. That letter of Senator Wilson was written, not for Worcester, but for Washington—he wants to use it the next time he is attacked in the Senate (applause). Mr. Giddings recognises the fact that the future may call for something higher than the old party organizations, and acknowledges the necessity of a preparation for it. That was what he wanted of a political party. The difficulty with the Republican party is that it acts purely and systematically on the defensive, whereas the only true policy of a minority was aggression—never to stop to explain or apologize, or tell why they struck the blow, but leave the other party to find out by the result.

Having praised Mr. Giddings, Mr. P. said he wanted to criticise him a little. His position was that they should stay in the Union, to purify themselves, and when that was done they could say to the South, abolish slavery or take yourselves off. Why not go out and do it alone? The South could not help them in the process of purification. If Massachusetts should go on without the aid of Mr. Brooks, he thought she could purify herself full as quickly (laughter). Suppose one of the Siamese twins should die, and the other, sickened by the corruption to which he was bound, should apply to the physicians to sever the bond, and they should say, "No! Wait till you are perfectly well, and then we will cut you off!" That is the philosophy of Mr. Giddings.

He wants to replace the Government where it was in 1789. Suppose that was done; they would then stand just where their fathers did, with the same Constitution, the same literature, the same blood, the same customs and habits about us, and who could assure them they would not come to the same result? They had tried the experiment once and failed; why should they go back and put themselves in the same circumstances again, with the certainty, almost, of reaching the same end? We had as good men then as we are likely to have now, but they could not say what Mr. Giddings says must be said when the North is purified, and what candid man would expect us to do better in the future, with the same influences at work on all sides?

All he asked of the people was, to take the subject of dissolution into consideration—to consider how it could be brought about, and what consequences would be likely to flow from it. We cannot make crises, but we can prepare for them. God in his providence lets the South give us the texts; all we have to do is to preach the sermons. He did not expect to get all the thirty-one States in favour of a dissolution; but, if they got only one State out of the Union, they broke the arch. He wanted to bring public opinion here in Massachusetts up to that point that if Henry Wilson or Charles Sumner was shot for speaking our sentiments in the Senate Chamber, the State would rise up and declare, "We send you no more Senators until the Senate washes out the stain of blood;" and if the Supreme Court overrules the decision in the Med case, we could put such a Judge upon the bench as will defy the Supreme Court, and put Massachusetts judicially out of the Union, as has been done in Wisconsin (applause)—God bless her!

It had been asked how they should dissolve the Union except by the ballot-box? He expected to have the Union dissolved for himself, without going to the ballot-box. What he wanted was, that Yankee tongues should be let loose—that the people should be left free to estimate the value of the Union—to take down this lofty picture, and look at it, not in the glare of gas, but in the light of a clear conscience; see how it will influence the slave himself, and what bearing it will have upon the independence of Northern minds. He had spoken of Pierpont in the afternoon. Look at Everett, the "Plato of Massachusetts," the bright consummate flower in the republic of letters—what a slave he is! He undertook to tell the story of Washington, whose great glory it is that, though sunk in the corruption of a criminal institution, he dared to leave on record an emphatic and eloquent protest against the crime from which he was unable to break away; and yet the "State of Massachusetts," whose feet had been baptized in the soil of every battle-field of freedom, from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, went from city to city, and from State to State, and "remembered to forget" that Washington ever uttered an anti-slavery word. This is the result of the Union—it takes the main-spring out of scholarship. So with Pierpont, when he published the second edition of his "First-Class Book" and left out every anti-slavery word. Were they not at liberty to try to save the future Everetts and Pierponts? And who should say that the temptation that bowed down Pierpont, with the laurels of fifty well-fought fields on his brow, shall not prove omnipotent over all our literary men in the future? Were they not at liberty to prepare an anti-slavery feeling, inevitable, aggressive, intelligent, determined to be stopped by no obstacle, frightened by no superstitious reverence, but to reach the hovels of the Carolinas, no matter how many parchments are stretched over the doors?

Who says this is treason? It ought to be. The Yankee blood runs naturally to treason—to anything that seeks to seal his lips. When a man calls us traitors, said Mr. P., I know he is a regular descendant of George III. and Lord North. Old Dr. Beecher said he liked the epithet "Calvinism," because Calvin had the same objections thrown at him that were thrown at St. Paul. By that rule, Garrison is John Hancock come in a new body, for he stirs up the same objections that were raised against that patriot (applause).

Cherish these meetings, said Mr. Phillips, in conclusion. Spread them; repeat them in defiance of parties and partisan leaders; sound on in the discussion of this question; let the plummet down; try all the formulas of logic. It may be that at last, as in the Arabian story, some fortunate tongue may pronounce, accidentally, the magic charm that will make the door of the Bastile fly open. You have only to go on. I claim the right to investigate! Growl, Mr. Wilson, if you will; you cannot stop my Yankee right to ask questions. I got it from the old hulk of the Mayflower; it was planted on Plymouth Rock, and there it stands; and as long as a Yankee tongue wags, there never shall be a sin so popular, so deeply planted, so omnipotent, nor so delusive to the ambition of Senators, that it can bribe *every* Yankee tongue to keep still; and if there be but one wagging, it will yet call the vagrant courage of Yankeedom back, and make us worthy to keep Bunker Hill still in the State (loud applause).

LETTER FROM H. W. BELLOWS.

[For a copy of the following letter we are indebted to the courtesy of the *Christian Inquirer*, in furnishing us with a proof-slip in advance of publication.]

NEW YORK, January 6th, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR: Your invitation to me to participate in the Convention at Worcester, on Thursday, January 15th, called "to consider the practicability, probability, and expediency of a separation between the free and slave States, and to take such measures as the condition of the times may require," has been received, and is respectfully declined.

As you are kind enough to ask some communication from me, I seize the privilege of stating very frankly the reasons why I cannot join your Convention, and I am the more anxious to do this, because you base your invitation, not merely on my "general position, but upon the fearless treatment of the subject of the Union" in my published sermon of November 2. As I took no ground then not carefully measured, or from which I wish to recede a hair, it seems important, when my opinions attract the notice of a conscientious and intelligent body like yours, to have it distinctly understood what they are, and how entirely they differ from those of Disunionists.

For among these, if I mistake not, your Convention deliberately places itself. This might not appear from the closing paragraph of your call already quoted; but it is plainly intimated in the third paragraph, in which you declare yourselves as "believing the existing Union to be a failure, as being a hopeless attempt to unite under one government two antagonistic systems of society, which diverge more widely every year."

Your Convention, then, meets "to consider the practicability, probability, and expediency of a separation between the free and slave States," with its mind made up that the Union is a failure, and its coherence an impossibility. Of course, then, you are Disunionists, and your only question can be, how is the safest and shortest manner to cut our Northern vessel of State loose from her Southern consort, condemned by you as smitten with plague, and leaking at every seam—but at present lashed to our side, and badly intertangled with our rigging.

You have a right to consider and debate this question of Separation, and with your views I see not how you can avoid it. Certainly, I will lend no countenance to the political superstition which makes this topic too sacred for light or touch. I protest against the Atheism which sets the Union above Reason, Morality, Religion. Nor, on the other hand, am I so weak of faith in the Union, as to fear debate about its worth and durability, or to imagine that it has suffered from the hands of so-called fanatics, or will crumble under the resolutions of all the intelligent and conscientious men you can unite in Massachusetts, in pronouncing it "a failure."

But I am not a Disunionist. I do not think the Union a failure. I do not think the effort hopeless, "to unite the North and the South." I do not think the country on the way to a rapid increase of hostility between the two sections of the Union.

On the contrary, and despite the dreadful drawback and mortification of slavery, I think the Union a great and admirable success. Notwithstanding the injury which slavery has done the political, economic, and moral interests of the nation, who can deny that the general prosperity, growth, intelligence, worth, repute, and power of the Confederacy, have immensely exceeded the best hopes of our federal founders? Whatever it might be under the very different circumstances in which locomotive arts now place us, there can be no question that the South, by her territory, climate, industry, rivers, statesmanship, patriotism, has contributed her fair share—though in a different line from the North—to this common prosperity; and is entitled to our fraternal consideration for her past services in the general interest. If now she seem socially enfeebled, and threatened with internal convulsion by her "peculiar institution," I see no reason for deserting her, even should she long resist our moral and economic appeals touching the source of her troubles. We have derived as a nation, great blessings from her statesmen, her industry, her very errors and misfortunes; and it would be ungrateful and selfish in us to abandon her at a moment when local pride and blinded self-interest madden her to propose separation from us.

The integrity of our National area is a just source of patriotic pride and devotion. To behold thirty millions of people speaking one language over three hundred millions of square miles—stretching "as far as the East is from the West," and the regions of perpetual snow from those of eternal summer—yet meeting at one centre for their laws, owning one flag, and honouring one Constitution—is too rare, too promising, too glorious a spectacle, to allow any patriot to see the faintest chalk-mark of division drawn through it, hinting the line which custom-houses, soldiery, and legalised jealousies may afterwards engrave—without bitter tears of sorrow and deprecation.

No; I cannot unite with you in calling the Union a failure. Nor do I think the effort hopeless to keep the North and the South united. For, must we regard slavery as the sole and permanent interest of the South? I detest that institution too heartily; believe it too plainly opposed to the will of God, and the interests of any region or people; hold too strong a faith in the power of reason, free discusion, and democratic institutions, to believe that the South will not presently begin to see the folly and peril of its own nearly fatal fondness for the system.

Liberty and slavery are irreconcilable; but the North and South represent something more than either—a common blood, common heroes and patriots, a common Constitution, a common country. We are bound together by something stronger than the love of liberty, or the hatred of slavery—by general interests, affections and habits—a common origin, and an identical history. Slavery and freedom cannot live permanently together; and this is the reason why the North and the South should—that the liberty of the one may extinguish the slavery of the other. Do you reply, that the victim may chance to be liberty? Then, I answer, if the free States, with the power in their own hands, cannot keep slavery in its constitutional place while they remain *in* the Union, they have little reason for thinking they can defend themselves from its overflow, should they go *out* of the Union. I am in favour of the Union, because I love the South, and hate slavery for her sake; in favour of the Union, because the Union which now upholds slavery, can as easily—and more humanely and successfully than any other power—stop its extension, and so, perhaps, destroy its life.

The free States have the power, and have always had the power to keep slavery within its limits—which at any time would probably be death to it, in as short a period as it could perish in with advantage to whites and blacks. What could be expected from the South, considering the lukewarm feeling and selfish behaviour of the North in regard to the subject, but the pushing of its self-indulgent hereditary system of slavery—suddenly grown vastly profitable—to the utmost limits of our good-nature, indifference and cowardice, or still worse of our complicity with its hopes of a gain we shared? The North is really far more to blame than the South, for the extension of slavery. The South had no power to extend it, without our consent; we had full power to prevent that extension, without its consent; we have always had the power, and only wanted the will. We have it still, and are bound to exercise it. We had it at the last election, and did not use it, because we have those among us who do not hate slavery, and do not love liberty; who believe not in our institutions, and only believe in our Union, because it keeps things as they are.

The last election, however, has shown that the North is waking up in conscience, courage, and sensibility to her duty, not to herself alone, but to the Nation, the Union, and Humanity. The astonishing effect of the free press in arousing the people, indicates what will be the triumph of another election. The South sees for the first time that the North is in earnest, feels its power, and is determining to exercise it. And this is having an admirable effect upon the discussion of the subject.

It has already forced the intellectual leaders and active statesmen of the South to intrench themselves in a position of absolute defiance to the public opinion of the world. They have been driven for the first time to a step—the next to complete surrender—*i. e.*, the assertion of a code of morals, and a style of reasoning, entirely and exclusively their own, and which makes them moral and rational outlaws from the public morality of Christendom. What are the leaders of the Southern press, but intellectual pirates, and moral fillibusters? They have been compelled to take the ground that slavery is no sin, and no misfortune—a righteous, useful, beneficent institution, deserving heroic defence, national adoption, and unlimited extension. The great ability, logical candour, manly audacity, and even moderation of manner with which these propositions have been maintained, have excited my intense admiration. Would that the other and better side had been sustained with equal strength and calmness! But, what is left to those who are shut up in a fortress against which the world is combined? who defy the policy of the age, the sentiments of Christendom, the fundamental principles of economy, justice and humanity? The only step left for the South, is to send in a flag of truce, and propose conditions of surrender. She has shot the last ball in her arsenal, eaten her last biscuit, and may now honourably confess that her position is desperate, and throw herself upon the mercy of the country, and the world. In these circumstances, I do not see "a rapid increase in the hostility between the two sections of the Union." On the contrary, I think the hostility reached its head in the last campaign—has begun to decline—as the movements of the Government in Kansas and in Congress appear to indicate—and is never again likely to do anything but diminish. To make this certain, nothing is necessary but the maintenance of an absolute determination on the part of the free States, to deny, and resist, and prevent the extension of slavery—Union or no Union. Let our overwhelming strength, supported by the public opinion of the world, be seen and felt, and the South will and must decline further controversy, and yield to an irresistible necessity. It is only as rivals, as equals in rights and powers, as hemispheres of one political globe, that we have maintained mutual hatred and jealousy. Let it be declared that we are not mere equals, or rivals, but the free States are the national policy and destiny, and this hatred will cease. The free States are, by the spirit and letter of the Constitution, by vast superiority in population, by representative rights, and legislative powers, the legitimate controllers both of the foreign and domestic policy of the country. Mistake, apathy, folly, fear in the use of this right and duty, have placed us in this balance, in which slavery and freedom, slave soil, and free soil, slaveholders and freemen seem in a perfect equipoise of rights and powers, until the turning of the scale has unhappily come to be regarded as a matter of accident and uncertainty, of nice manœuvre, or of bargain and compromise.

To meet this state of things within my own limited sphere of influence and responsibility, I maintained in the last campaign, and in my own pulpit in the sermon to which you refer, the duty of resisting the extension of slavery at the risk of the Union; and to embolden those who regarded this consequence as probable, I gave some reasons for thinking disunion if forced upon us by the withdrawal of the South, a more supportable calamity to the North, than those who were trying to frighten Free Soilers from their Republicanism had represented it. But I was very far from expressing a desire for disunion, or from advocating separation, which I have never thought practicable, probable or expedient. It was as a threat from the South, that I braved disunion; not as a proposition from the North, that I espoused it.

What I desire now and always to maintain is this: That our conscientious opposition to the extension of slavery is not to be abated or coloured by fears for the Union; and that, so far as it depends on the North, we are to stop its extension, let the consequences to the Union—to the North or the South—be what they will. This ground I believe to be the safe ground—the Christian, humane, patriotic, constitutional, unsectional, Union-saving ground. I take it as a lover of the North and a lover of the South; as a believer in the future of the United States. I take it as a hater of slavery, an undying foe to its extension, and a labourer for its overthrow and extinction in the speediest manner and time consistent with our whole duty as American citizens.

And here my letter might fully end, having said all that strictly belongs to the occasion. But I will venture to add some general observations in support of its main object.

If there ever was a country in which extreme measures and desperate strokes of policy were forbidden, it is one in which the principle of life is as young and vigorous as in our own. In youth, medicine and surgery are poor substitutes for the *vis medicatrix naturæ*; and we have more reason to depend on the strength of our constitution, and the rapidity with which we make new and wholesome blood, than any political patient ever before had, as seriously sick as we are. The eight hundred thousand new people which every year is adding to our population; the fluid and changing character of our national life; the surprises and variations which our novel political state is ever springing upon us; the close relations into which we are suddenly coming with the Old World; the substantial and practical character of our agricultural and mechanical classes, with their growing jealousy of cities—the centres of corrupt politics; the enormous power and intelligence which the West is acquiring; the manifest division of the South into as many schools of pro-slavery feeling as there are at the North of anti-slavery feeling—all these considerations suggest the wisdom of doing nothing more than our absolute duty and safety require, and waiting the developments of Providence and the future, which press on so powerfully, and with such promise of relief. The masterly inactivity recommended by Mr. Calhoun, and so heedlessly forgotten by the South, is prescribed now for the North. As a nation, our future has always been unpredictable, because our circumstances are purely original. Nothing has happened as our founders prophesied and hoped. We have been borne forward on a tide of irresistible force; mastered by the enormous energies, passions and opportunities which a new world and an emancipated common people have aroused or presented. But our growth, our education, our philanthropy, our religion, our trade and commerce, have astonished the world and ourselves. They have been very different from the programme; but have they not been very much better? It is not because of "the manifest destiny," but because of the mysterious proclivities of the nation, that I account any interference, not clearly demanded by duty, with the forces now at work, impolitic and useless. The horoscope of the South is partly illegible. The fate of the African race is hieroglyphic. Three millions and a half of people are not to be handled by contrivance; they gravitate with a providential tendency, as yet not clearly indicated. The Southern States, producing the great staples wanted by all the world—cotton, rice, tobacco, sugar, corn, wheat—and by a system as old as themselves, are not likely, under any mere political stress, or any aspects of the subject yet presented, to abandon their constitutional rights and hereditary usage. Events yet undiscerned, internal necessities now unguessed, new discoveries at home or abroad, the rise of prophets, or the awakening of conscience among the slaveholders, the starting up of a true political genius, or great leader, among the blacks—it is in the womb of these possibilities that the real cure for slavery is now maturing. It is neither cowardice, sloth nor fatalism which prompts such a dependence; but awe in the presence of forces which are as irresistible as the descent of the Northern barbarians upon the Roman empire, and with purposes as mysterious and as fraught with good.

It is in no mood of apology for the gigantic evil of slavery, and in no blindness to its sinfulness in the light of this age, that I venture for a moment to look at the good which Providence is educing from it. Men's errors and crimes do not thwart God's benevolence; and it is among the greatest triumphs of divine goodness that the wrath of an institution like American slavery has been made to praise Him. Its existence has kept alive a discussion of human rights which has been highly important to the general education of the nation; while the material prosperity and utilitarianism of the country, so unfavourable to the influence of abstract ideas and disinterested sentiments, have been offset and counteracted by the fears, the sacrifices, the agitations and the enthusiasm connected with the Anti-Slavery movement. Furthermore, the barrier of black labour has confined the stream of emigration within the healthy, invigorating, but less inviting and less natural, parallels of latitude which now continue the belt of Northern industry, habits, and feelings, to the Pacific ocean. It is not too much to say that the whole destiny of the Nation depended upon the rapid extension of New England capital and influence westward, instead of southward; while our foreign emigration owes its beneficent character and prospects to the connection it has formed with the Northern soil, climate, and ideas. The vast extent to which our territory has thus been opened, and the forced but healthy growth of the North-West, have created an area of Freedom, and a population worthy of it, which is rapidly diminishing the general ratio of blacks to whites in the country at large, so that, at the present rate, their relative importance, whether in political, economic or social respects, will, in twenty years, present a far less serious problem than now. The calls for domestic service, in a country developing so rapidly independence and equality among the white race, would, perhaps safely and beneficently absorb the blacks, even if they sustained to the whites the ratio of ten millions to a hundred millions, should a peaceful emancipation be allowed them. This is at least one method of disposing of them, favoured by their fitnesses, and the tendencies of Northern civilization. I am aware that such speculations are open to the charge of optimism; and may be deemed relaxing to the sense of moral responsibility in regard to the evil of Slavery. I deprecate very earnestly such mistaken criticisms, but willingly risk them for the sake of my convictions.

I should be more deeply pained to add anything to the effect the recent campaign has already produced in diverting attention from the moral and spiritual enormity of slavery, as an offence against the human soul, a trampling on God's image, a contempt of Man—in favour of the sectional and political issues which have necessarily engrossed the interest of the whole subject through this period. The moral and spiritual perversion which the politics and the religion of the nation have received from slavery cannot be too anxiously deplored; and that is the view of it which most commonly and most deeply occupies my attention. But the specific object of this communication is the consideration, from a statesman's view, of what is to be gained or lost by Disunion, considered as a moral, social and economic remedy for the National disease, Slavery. Not overlooking the value of the protest against slavery which such a step, taken on moral grounds, would afford, I must still think the proposition of separation between the free and slave States a direct flying in the face of Divine Providence.

Meanwhile, the rights and duties given to the North by the Constitution are a part of God's mighty Providence in the development of our future. We can resist and control the extension of slavery, and this is our great, our immediate, our plain and our sole duty. Doing that, we do all we know, and all we can. Less than that is imbecility, disloyalty and eternal disgrace.

With these sentiments, I cannot join your Convention, for I profess none of the articles of faith upon which your call is founded. But as a friend of free debate, and a respecter of conscientious convictions, however unpopular or unwise, I wish you unlimited liberty of discussion, and anticipate no harm from your conferences to the Republic.

With the highest personal respect, yours truly,

HENRY W. BELLOWS.

Rev. Mr. Higginson of the Worcester Convention.

LETTER FROM REV. THEODORE PARKER.

[Mr. Parker's letter to the Convention we copy from the Boston *Courier* of Saturday.]

RAILROAD CARS FROM NEW HAVEN TO BOSTON, Jan. 14, 1857.

MY DEAR HIGGINSON: I have no time but car time, and no space but the railroad, so you will excuse me if my letter be writ with a pencil, and dated between nowhere and everywhere. I cannot attend your Convention to-morrow, as other business takes me elsewhere. Yet I am glad you have called it. For the South has so long cried "wolf," "wolf," and frightened every sheepish politician at the North, that it is time that somebody should let those creatures have a glimpse of the real animal, and see how the South will like his looks. I once heard of a very honest, sober and excellent sort of a man, who was unequally yoked with one of the most shrewish mates that ever cursed soul or body. She was thriftless, idle, drunken, dirty, lewd, shrill-voiced, with a tongue which went ever night and day, and was besides feeble-bodied, and ugly to look upon. Moreover, she beat the children, starved them, and would not allow them even to attend school, or go to meeting, but brought up the girls in loose ways. Whenever the good man ventured to remonstrate a little, and take the part of one of his own children, the termagant, who came of no good stock herself, but had an "equivocal generation," called him a "beggar," a "greasy mechanic," an "abolitionist," and, with ghastly oaths, told him he was "not fit company for a lady of her standing"; and if he found fault with her standing and character, she would leave his bed and board forever, and let his old house fall about his ears after him. She justified her conduct by quoting odd ends of Scripture. She had "divine authority" for all she was doing. "Wasn't here Jezebel, in the Old Testament, and the strange woman who turned the heart of Solomon, and his head too; did not the book of Proverbs speak of just such a woman as she was; and was there not another great creature in scarlet, spoken of in the New Testament? The book of Revelations was on her side." So the shrew raised her broomstick, and beat the poor hen-pecked husband till he apologized as humbly as any Republican member of Congress in 1856 or '57. He "did not intend to interfere with her beating his sons, or prostituting his girls; he thought her interpretation of the Bible was right—there were probably just such women as she in Sodom and Gomorrah"; he begged she "would not leave his house." She "might beat him—he was a non-resistant: but he hoped she would not strike too hard, for it really hurt his feelings." So it went on till the house became a nuisance to the neighbourhood, and the submissive husband was everywhere looked upon as a cowardly sneak. But, one day, he made up his mind to make a row, or spoil

hired to hunt down their fellow-men. And yet I am told I dare not doubt the competency of the witness. "I dare do what man dare do. Who dares more is not a man." I apply this to Mr. Graham and Mr. Jenkins. (Here Marshal Wynkoop rose and protested against the insult offered to his officers.) The very name of "Bill Thomas" will bring a thousand recollections to the minds of these men, and, now, a lawyer, a Philadelphia lawyer, asks that you should consign to the dungeon, to the whip, this young man. We have the testimony of not one, but a dozen, that in 1850 this young man was in Philadelphia. How are all these facts to be contradicted? My learned friend cannot do so—will not. Are not these witnesses entitled to as much belief, greater belief than the testimony of the claimant? This young man has been arrested in the streets of Philadelphia, hustled to the Mayor's office, brought to trial, pressed with rigour, without time scarcely to collect his own thoughts. I ask him if, under these circumstances, he is not entitled to a discharge. Sir, I am approaching the conclusion of my duties in this case. I have felt I have endeavoured to discharge my duty to my client. I feel a great and solemn duty is to devolve upon you—one that is to affect you for weal or wo, from now to eternity. You have in your hands that which is more valuable than life or death—that of liberty. You have in your hands the scales of justice, that you must closely scrutinize whether they predominate in the favour of Wm. H. Gatchell, before you consign this young man to slavery. It is a duty you owe to man that you should dismiss him to his quiet home and send this claimant *howling* to his land. We are approaching the close of a great week's labour; and when the Jehovah had finished his work, he said, "It is good"; and when you close this week's labour, I would have you lay your hand on your heart and say, "It is good." Who knows, sir, but that there is some mother in this city whose heart will be lacerated by this verdict? Who knows but that he has some old father whose life will be broken down by this calamity? Who knows but that there is some friend in this city whose *life* hangs upon the issue? The eyes of the city are upon you—of a God upon you—of an avenging God—who has said, "My vengeance will last forever"! (Here Mr. Peirce and the prisoner were both affected to tears.) I have, in conclusion, only to ask that you will issue a release for this poor young man.

Mr. Dougherty rose and spoke in reply to Mr. Peirce's remarks—of the statements that had been made by the witnesses for the defendant—of the villifying epithets that had been heaped upon the opposite side—and that this law of the land, the brotherly relation that existed between the men of the North and South, should be respected.

JUDGMENT OF THE COMMISSIONER.

Com. Brown then rose and said that in his remarks he should be brief; that the Constitution of the United States made the matter a summary one, but that it should not be said that he had in any manner accelerated it. He said that the prisoner had had every favour shown him, and that the matter had been presented to his mind in such a favourable light that he should be obliged, under the circumstances, to issue a warrant for the safe delivery of the boy to the hands of his master.

The court was then dismissed, the slave and officers remaining behind. The person of the kidnapped man was searched, and his hands manacled, and in that condition he was conveyed into the lower office. Deputy United States Marshals Jenkins, Crossin and Officer Graham of Baltimore, put the handcuffs on the fugitive, although the search of his person revealed the interesting fact that he had no means of offence or defence about him. Toward 11 o'clock, the fugitive, heavily manacled, was driven to the Baltimore dépôt, surrounded with officers, and he was taken to Maryland by the late train.

What a proof of the infinite patience of God, that he does not overwhelm the city where such iniquity is perpetrated under the sanction of Christ's name, as he did Sodom and Gomorrah, with a tempest of fire and brimstone! The day must come when such villany, unless repented of and forsaken, will produce its legitimate fruits in the destruction of the people who thus disregard the rights of humanity.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

After the above account was in type, the following letter from a coloured gentleman of Philadelphia, which had been delayed by the storm, came to hand. It states additional circumstances and presents the whole case in a very clear light.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 17, 1857.

Again Philadelphia has been visited and shamefully disgraced by slavehunters.

On Thursday afternoon, 15th inst., while walking along one of our streets, Henry Tiffany, a young man of about 25 years of age, was seized as a prisoner, on the charge of stealing, as he affirms, and taken forthwith to the United States Commissioner, where it was fully revealed that he was claimed as the property of Wm. H. Gatchell, Sr., of Baltimore, Md.

John Graham of Baltimore, James Crossen, John Jenkins, and a man by the name of Stewart, Deputy United States Marshals, are entitled to the "*bad eminence*" of acting the bloodhounds' part in capturing this poor unsuspecting man.

Being fully in the power of the Commissioner and the atrocious claimant, no time was to be lost, of course, in proving Henry Tiffany to be the property of Mr. Gatchell, which was done with great alacrity by his son Wm. H. G., Jr., and the said John Graham, the agent.

Anxious to witness the Commissioner's operations, as well as to manifest my sympathy for the unfortunate victim, I resolved to be an observer throughout the hearing. Before the hearing commenced, however, at the request of his counsel, I availed myself of the privilege of a brief interview with the prisoner. But being surrounded with his captors, of course, I could glean but little. Indeed, he was soon positively forbidden by one of the Deputy Marshals, to hold conversation with any person, except his counsel. However, I was distinctly assured by him that he "*had rather die than go back.*"

The proceedings lasted for two days, ending this evening at 8 o'clock. Suffice it to say, with regard to the slave-catchers, Daniel Dougherty (slave-catcher's counsel), and Mr. Commissioner Brown, they proved themselves to be not one whit behind the notorious Edward D. Ingraham. George F. Alberti and Judge Kane, in carrying out the Fugitive Slave law to the "*fullest extent.*"

On the second day, *coloured people were generally excluded from the Court Room.* Mr. Peirce very manfully and eloquently demanded that the doors should be opened free to all, and characterized the procedure as a "star chamber" practice. Whereupon the United States Marshal arose and stated that he had ordered the doors closed, "because" he "had heard threats of a rescue the day before." "Will you make an affidavit of that fact?" said the Commissioner. "No!" indignantly replied the Marshal. At this instant, perhaps to avoid delay, the head slave-catcher, Graham, volunteered to make the required affidavit, which was kindly admitted, and the doors kept closed as before.

From what has been already stated, the reader may readily perceive how unfairly the prisoner has been dealt with. Some half dozen coloured witnesses testified positively to having known him in this city for at least six years—one year longer than it was alleged he had been away from his claimant. But it all availed nothing. The testimony of the hunters satisfied the Commissioner that he was the property of Gatchell—hence having a "*solemn duty to perform to the Constitution and the Union,*" he very coolly decided to hand him over to his tormentors. As soon as the decision was announced, the order to "clear the Court Room" was given, and the ill-fated prisoner was at once surrounded by his blood-thirsty pursuers, as wolves would surround their prey; the audience enduring the whole transaction without any particular demonstration.

It is but just to say of Wm. S. Peirce, Esq., who defended the accused nobly, faithfully and ably, from the beginning to the end, and who never fails to be found on the side of the oppressed, that he merits the hearty thanks of every friend of the slave in Pennsylvania. Amongst the attendants were a goodly number of Abolitionists who are always on hand in time of need.

In conclusion, shall it be told that this Commissioner is the son of *David Paul Brown*, who, for these many, many years, has been the eloquent and able champion and advocate of the captured bondman, or the kidnapped freeman, and who, by his scathing denunciations of kidnappers, slave-catchers, slaveholders and their abettors—especially their tools on the Bench and at the Bar—has so often caused them to tremble and turn pale? Yes, with regret and loathing it must be acknowledged that the warrant by which Henry Tiffany, alias Michael Brown, was arrested, and also that by which he was doomed to hopeless bondage, was drawn and signed by David Paul Brown's son. If the reward of *Ten Dollars for his services* in this nefarious business shall add to his wealth, and win for him the praise of the South, he has, on the other hand, brought reproach and ignominy upon his father, and scorn and contempt upon himself, not only from the good and humane of Philadelphia, but from the friends of humanity wherever his name may be heard of or known. W. S.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE of Jan. 24th contains an article from *Bentley's Miscellany*, on "Letter Writing and Letter Writers," and two selections from the *Athenæum*, "Sir Thomas Overbury" and "Hood's Pen and Pencil Pictures."

A FRIEND in the country asks us to mention the price of the "Autobiography of a Female Slave." The book sells for $1.

SALES OF "LIVE STOCK" AT THE SOUTH.

IN order to show, in the most striking way possible, how slavery puts the image of God on a level with "four-footed beasts and creeping things," we put in juxtaposition extracts from advertisements in the New Orleans *Picayune* of Jan. 9, 1857.

Sale of Jan. 9, 1857.

BULLS.

1. HAMEL, red, aged 4 years, full-blooded Arabian, out of the celebrated Cow imported by Lieut. Lynch, and by his imported Arabian Bull.
2. LEXINGTON, red, aged 1 year, half Brahmin, half Durham, very large and fine growth.
3. BRUTUS, white spotted, aged 1 year, half Brahmin half Durham.
4. LOCOMOTIVE, red, 1 year old, half Brahmin, half Durham.
5. ARROW, bay or brown, 1 year old, half Brahmin, half Durham.
6. SELIM, red, 7 months old, three-quarters Brahmin, one-quarter Arabian, remarkable for growth and beauty.

COWS.

1. LAURA, red, 4 years old, half Brahmin and half Durham, a good milker and superior breeder.
2. ORBA, red, 4 years old, half Brahmin and half Durham, good breeder, bred to the Arabian Bull.
3. LILLY, white, 3 years old, half Brahmin and half Durham, bred to a Durham bull.
4. STRAWBERRY, roan, 3 yrs. old, half Durham and half Brahmin, extra breeder and milker, bred to the Arabian Bull.
5. VESPER, white and red, 2 years old, half Brahmin and half Durham, bred to the Arabian Bull.
6. CYNTHIA, spotted, 1 year old, half Brahmin and half Durham.
7. SNOW DROP, nearly white, 1 year old, half Brahmin and half Durham.
8. INDIA, red, 2 years old, three-quarters Brahmin and one-quarter Durham, bred to the Arabian Bull.
9. FAIRY, red and white, 1 year old, three-quarters Brahmin and one-quarter Durham.
10. NORMA, red, 7 months old, three-quarters Brahmin and one-quarter Durham.
11. HANNA, red, 5 years old, full blooded Arabian, remarkable for fleetness, bred to the Arabian Bull.
12. FLORA, red, 1 year old, full-blooded Arabian, bred to the Arabian Bull.

TERMS.—Up to $500, cash; over that amount six months' credit for approved city acceptances with 6 per cent. interest, per annum.

Sale of Jan. 10, 1857.

MEN.

1. JACK, a mulatto, aged about 22 years, a plantation hand and good cotton picker; guaranteed in title and health; sold as a thief and runaway.
2. WILLIAM, aged 13 months; guaranteed in title only.
3. WILLIAM, a black, aged 24 years, a plantation hand.
4. HARRY, a black, aged 27 years, a good plantation hand.
5. THOMAS, a mulatto, aged 13 years, plantation hand.
6. WILLIAM, a griff, aged about 27 years, fine cook and servant; used to plantation; guaranteed in title only; absented himself once.

WOMEN.

1. LEANER, aged about 30 years, a good washer, ironer and seamstress.
2. JULIA, a griffe, aged 19 years, plantation hand.
3. MARTHA, a black, aged 15 years, plantation hand.
4. PHŒBE, a griffe, aged 24 years, plantation hand.
5. AGNES, aged 7 years, child of the above.
6. HARRIET, a black, aged 25 years, plantation hand.
7. NANCY, a black, aged 16 years, plantation hand.
8. ELLEN, a mulatress, aged about 29 years, somewhat of a cook, and is a good field hand; and her daughter
9. NANCY, aged about 4 yrs.; both fully guaranteed.
10. SUSANNE, a negress, aged 18 years, a creole slave, cook, washer, ironer, seamstress and general house servant; sold for no fault and fully guaranteed.
11. JULIANA, a mulatress, aged about 15 years, a child's nurse and house servant; guaranteed in title only.
12. CELIA, black, aged about 33 years, good cook, washer and ironer, and house servant; fully guaranteed.

TERMS—Cash, or approved city acceptances, to be made equal to cash. Acts of sale before Wm. Shannon, N. P., at the expense of the purchaser.

Such is the system which draws its vital blood from the national compact, and which the whole Southern and a very influential portion of the Northern Church tells us has been ordained and established by God! For seeking the overthrow of this system and the dissolution of the Union by which it is sustained, we are denounced as infidels and traitors. Such epithets thus applied are titles of honour which we are only too proud to have earned.

SENATORIAL ELECTIONS.—The Hon. James Harlan, of Iowa, who was ousted from his place in the U. S. Senate for alleged informality in the mode of his election, was promptly reelected by the Legislature of that State.

James S. Green has been chosen to fill the vacancy which has so long existed in the Senatorial representation of Missouri. He is of the school of Atchison. The Hon. Trusten Polk, Governor, has been elected to succeed Geyer, whose term expires on the fourth of March. Col. Benton has again failed to realize his anticipations and is therefore effectually shelved.

The election of Cameron over Forney in Pennsylvania has produced a great deal of excitement among politicians of all parties. The Philadelphia *Bulletin* says:

"We have never known a more general feeling of exultation in a community than that observed everywhere in our streets this afternoon, when it was announced that Simon Cameron had been elected United States Senator over the Democratic nominee, John W. Forney. There was general rejoicing that there was virtue enough in the Legislature to preserve the State from the disgrace of such a choice as that of the caucus nominee. We have no time to comment on this happy result, but we must express our own satisfaction, as well as that of this entire community, with the course of Gen. Foster and his friends, who had the manliness and courage to resist, not only the dictation of a servile majority in the party caucus, but the dictation also of power in the person of the President elect. To them, mainly, does the credit of this fortunate result belong."

The Hartford *Press* gives us a bit of history, as follows:

"In 1845, when Mr. Buchanan resigned the office of Senator to go into Polk's Cabinet, the Democrats, who had a decided majority in the Legislature, nominated in caucus George W. Woodward as his successor; but on going into ballot the Legislature elected Simon Cameron, the Whigs and a portion of the Democrats uniting on that gentleman. It is well understood that at that time Mr. Buchanan had thrown his influence against Woodward, who was a rising young man that he did not care to see elected to so prominent a position. Cameron, who is by trade a printer, and who for some years published a paper at Harrisburg, was considered a shrewd tactician and manager, and has been serviceable on more than one occasion to Mr. Buchanan, and had received even earlier favours than that of Senatorship in return. During his Senatorial term, Cameron sustained himself with credit, and the friendship between him and the Secretary of State continued unbroken, until Cameron favoured the election of Gen. Cass. This, of course, was an unpardonable offence, and the two became alienated, and the estrangement has continued to grow greater. In the late canvass, Cameron supported Col. Fremont."

The Washington correspondent of the *Evening Post*, under date of Jan. 16th, writes:

"Simon Cameron, Senator elect from Pennsylvania, was in the Senate to-day, listening to the reading of the certificate of his election. Mr. Cameron is a tall, wiry, sharp-featured man, with a well-bronzed face, and an ample supply of iron-gray hair, which is cut evenly round his forehead, in what the old women call the 'pumpkin-shell' style. He is of Scotch descent, and has the general aspect of a shrewd Pennsylvania farmer. Having thus described the appearance of this noticeable personage, I deem it my duty to state that the report of Buchanan's having requested his daguerreotype, to be hung up in his bedroom, is considered without foundation. Mr. Cameron was a prominent object of interest at a party given last evening by Col. Seaton, the venerable editor of *The Intelligencer*. He insists that Pennsylvania does not, and never would, on a fair expression of the popular will, give her voice for Buchanan."

Notwithstanding the quarrel between Cameron and the President elect, some persons declare their belief that the former will support the coming administration.

MINISTERIAL FIDELITY.—Scarcely anything affords us more pleasure than to record an example of fidelity to the slave on the part of one who occupies a pulpit. Such an example is now before us. The REV. GEORGE ARMSTRONG, of Bristol (England), has for many years been a faithful friend of the anti-slavery cause on both sides of the Atlantic. He was recently obliged to resign his charge in consequence of ill health. An affectionate and sympathising address, presented to him on receiving his letter of resignation, elicited a reply containing the following noble passage:

"Oh, brethren, 'Our heart is enlarged unto you!' yet to think and to write as I ought is more than I have strength for. Nevertheless, because you permit me to believe that you have profited by my earnestness, and because you console me with the idea that I have reached you, through the depth of my own feeling, on some topics of Christian exhortation—weak as I am—I take courage in beseeching you to bear with me in yet one word more, and I have done.

"'*Remember*,' then, I fervently exhort you, '*them that are in bonds, as bound with them.*' Bear in mind the dark and still increasing iniquity of our age! Suspect the worldly spirit of those who would think or speak lightly upon it. And as God has ordained it an eternal truth, that 'righteousness only exalteth a nation,' do not believe in the real prosperity of that people—do not believe in the religion of that Church—which can see in the fearful institution of SLAVERY anything less than a hindrance efficacious beyond all others in repressing the advancement of nations, even the most distant from the seat of the evil—a stumbling-block to the progress and the power of the Anglo-Saxon race—and thus, by hands so unfitted for the abhorrent work, instead of entailing glory, and honour, and freedom, and virtue, and piety, on a prostrate world—weakening, degrading, demoralizing and depressing the WHOLE family of man. For we are all members one of another.' And the poorest slave of Alabama cannot uplift his unavailing voice for justice and mercy, without leaving so much the less of power in the world to resist the energetic tyrannies which everywhere surround us! Then take, brethren, a lesson from the enemy; and as tyrannies cling to tyrannies, and the oppressor everywhere, directly or indirectly, helps the oppressor, be you ready by word and deed, as much as in you lies, to strengthen the cause of the just, and share in the striving of the faithful and the good.

"And be not discouraged, dear friends, to do what you may, because the desired result may seem to be remote. It is our privilege to live in the future. An irrepressible sympathy, of which the brute knows nothing, binds us to the coming ages. And when we meet, through mercy, in that blessed Future, where the faithful of all nations and all kindred shall see and know God's final purposes of good, it will be matter of gratification and joy that we had been permitted to lessen the sum of evil and swell the heritage of good to the generations which are to take our place, and to start in their new career of knowledge, of virtue and of happiness from the point at which we had left them."

THE WORCESTER CONVENTION.

IT is probably owing to the interruption of the mails by the late storm that we are without any original report of the proceedings of the Disunion Convention held last week in Worcester. The only fair report that we have seen is that of the corespondent of *The Tribune*, which, so far as our limits would allow, we have copied elsewhere. *The Liberator* of this week will probably contain a more complete report, upon which we shall draw hereafter as circumstances may seem to require.

The Convention, if we may judge from the somewhat meagre accounts that have reached us, was an occasion of rare and solemn interest. The Republican presses—some of them at least—affect to sneer at the movement as utterly insignificant and absurd; but they will find, in due time, that in this as in other things (unless indeed they are prepared to abandon all their past professions), they will be compelled to follow the lead of the old school Abolitionists.

We have no space now for the comments which the occasion so abundantly suggests, and must leave our readers for the present to their own reflections, only expressing our firm conviction that the movement inaugurated at Worcester is destined to gather strength the more it is considered and discussed, and to end only in the accomplishment of the object it has in view.

BEGGARS FROM CANADA.—There is need of caution on the part of Abolitionists, and, indeed, of the public generally, in regard to applications for aid for fugitive slaves in Canada. There are persons, both white and coloured, who do not scruple to speculate upon the public sympathy by collecting funds, ostensibly for the benefit of fugitives, but really for their own personal aggrandizement. The warnings on this subject have been frequent heretofore, but they need to be often repeated. The *Provincial Freeman*, published at Chatham, C. W., by coloured persons of integrity, and which is, in a sense, the organ of the fugitives, denounces the whole tribe of beggars who visit the States from Canada as unworthy of confidence. In the number of that paper last received at this office we find the following paragraph:

"'OLD CLOTHES.'—We have been informed that, in addition to the individuals now out from *Chatham* on their *individual* begging expeditions, certain parties hitherto 'loud-mouthed' in opposition to the fruits of begging are now in the receipt of 'old clothes' from benevolent persons in the States. We shall seek diligently for their names, as a thorough exposure is due to them. Coloured like white men are tax-payers here, and the Town Council has, in times past, listened to applications from needy among them for relief, as they do when needy white men petition, no cases of poverty that may exist should be made a pretext for reviving the nefarious 'old clothes' business in this vicinity. We hear of great destitution in Pittsburg and Cincinnati; but we have no such a state of affairs here. There are Germans and Irish, and, no doubt, other classes as poor hereabouts as any fugitive in the community, and no one thinks of sending secretly for 'old clothes' for them that they will never get. Besides there is liberality enough to reach every case of pauperism about Chatham, in Chatham, and humanity enough to enforce it."

There is one rule which should be rigidly applied to all applicants for money for the benefit of fugitives, viz.: Never give one cent to any man, no matter how white may be his neck-cloth, or how pious his professions, unless he can show that his collections are to be disbursed, not by himself, but by a responsible committee, who will hold him to a strict account for all that he receives, and whose books are always open to the inspection of contributors. The sympathy for fugitives is now so quick and strong as to tempt the cupidity of unscrupulous persons, who prefer the vocation of travelling beggars to that of workers for their daily bread; and every honest applicant will gladly acquiesce in a rule which is indispensable to guard the public against deception. Indeed, we do not hesitate to say that no man who is actuated by pure motives and who cherishes a proper self-respect will consent to solicit money from strangers without offering some guarantee that it will be faithfully and honestly applied to the object for which it is asked.

THE KANSAS QUESTION IN PENNSYLVANIA.—In the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, on the 16th inst., resolutions were introduced instructing the Senators and requesting the Representatives of that State in Congress to vote for the admission of Kansas as a Free State. A motion to refer them to the Judiciary Committee was lost, 50 to 42, the House not being full. The Harrisburgh correspondent of *The Herald* says:

"The further consideration was indefinitely postponed; they will be brought up again at some future day, when I predict that they will pass both branches of the Legislature; a portion of the Democrats will be compelled to vote for them or violate the pledges that they have made to their constituents during the campaign. Under the present existing circumstance the Democratic members from the interior part of the State are in a dilemma, being elected under a pledge for free Kansas, and the leaders of their party demanding that they should repudiate that idea."

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.—Under date of London, Dec. 30th, a correspondent of *The Tribune* says:

"Nothing can be more gratifying than the good feeling which has been created in this country by the beautiful compliment of the American Government in returning the Resolute as a present to the Queen. The United States stands one hundred per cent. higher in English estimation than they have done since the Revolution. In fact, America is in everbody's mouth, and we are pronounced a nation of noble hearts and generous sympathies. The Queen has commanded for her private gallery a picture of her 'reception' on board the Resolute, as a memorial of what is termed 'a most noble act of international courtesy.' The picture will include portraits of the various members of the Royal family, and of Capt. Hartstein and the American officers who accompanied him. *Punch* has an engraving representing the presentation, headed 'Britannia and Jonathan—Mother and child doing well.' Jonathan is in the act of handing over the Resolute to Britannia, while Punch pats him on the back, and exclaims, 'That's a good boy! His heart's in the right place.' Britannia wishes Jonathan 'a merry Christmas and many a happy new year.'"

TERRIFIC STORM.—One of the severest storms we ever witnessed swept over this city on Sunday and Monday last, and appears to have extended to Washington (if not further) on the south, Buffalo on the west, and to the farthest limits of the United States on the north and east. The quantity of snow was very great, and the wind blew with great fury for nearly twenty-four hours, blocking up all the railroads, stopping the mails, and laying a complete embargo upon travel. The cold of Sunday has not, probably, been equalled within the present century. At Watertown, Jefferson Co., the mercury fell to 37 deg. below zero and froze. The loss of property and of life on the the coast has probably been very great, though few particulars have yet reached us.

At the present time (Wednesday) the railroads are being rapidly cleared, and the cars will doubtless soon resume their regular trips.

THE LATE AMOS PRESTON.—In the notice of the death of AMOS PRESTON, in a late number of THE STANDARD, something was said of his relations to the religious Society of Progressive Friends. On this subject "One of the Family," in the West Chester *Herald*, makes this statement, which it is only fair that we should copy:

"He observed (in conversation with his children during his illness) that when he was asked to sign the call for the Conference which formed the Yearly Meeting of "Progressive Friends," after taking some time for reflection he felt best satisfied to allow his name to be affixed, but he was glad that there, too, he had not been induced to go beyond the inward prompting—that he had not taken an active part in that Association, not feeling duty call him to do so. In reference to those who had been engaged in its organization he said pleasantly, if they wanted a Yearly Meeting I thought they ought to have it."

TURNER ASHBY, of Markham, Va., who confesses without a blush that he was chairman of the Vigilance Committee appointed to expel Mr. J. C. Underwood from the State for the crime of holding and uttering the sentiments of Washington and Jefferson on the subject of slavery, writes to the *Evening Post* to contradict statements of Mr. Underwood in one of the letters copied by us from that journal. It is of the smallest possible consequence what the chivalrous Mr. Ashby may choose to asseverate. Mr. Underwood cannot be impeached at the North, at least where he is known, by the testimony of any number of the self-convicted ruffians who conspired against him.

THE HON. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, while engaged in addressing the House, on Saturday last, suddenly fell backward, and became insensible. The House at once adjourned. Mr. Giddings's disease is said to be of the heart, and to be of such a character as to make it dangerous for him to speak in public. He was able, however, at the beginning of the week, to resume his seat.

WE invite particular attention to the article on the first page, from the London *Anti-Slavery Advocate*.

Summary.

Anthony Burns, the hero of the Slavery Rendition case, is delivering a series of lectures in Cleveland, Ohio.

The ice bridge which covers the Ohio river gives the Kentucky slaves a fine chance for emigration, and they improve it. Three men and one woman crossed near Cincinnati on Thursday night.

The small pox is prevailing to an alarming extent in Stowe, Vt., and all public gatherings are forbidden, and schools are stopped; pest-houses have been provided, and the Congregational clergyman has gone to one of them to devote his services to the sick.

A fellow named Dodge passed himself off in Grant County, Wis., as a Baptist clergyman; but was detected in an attempted elopement with a respectable married woman of the County; whereupon the people took him, made him strip, dumped him naked into a snow-bank, and then rode him out of town on a rail.

The Southern papers are now advocating the muzzling of the telegraph. The telegraph must no longer inform the world how many victims are butchered in behalf of Southern slavery. O glorious Democracy! What a beautiful spectacle it is to see even Germans, whose every interest is opposed to slave labour, uphold the system.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.—It is in Indiana, not in Kentucky, that mothers have the right of suffrage in the election of school officers. The same principle on which the right is based would give women who pay taxes the right of voting in the ordinary elections. Women were allowed, at one time, to vote in New Jersey; but they seldom exercised the right.

HON. WM. C. RIVES, of Virginia, has, it is stated, undertaken to edit the Madison papers or such of them as are in the possession of Congress and have not been filched. Among them is a letter addressed by Madison to his countrymen, with a request that it should not be opened until after his death. The document is said to be strongly for Union under all circumstances.

A REBELLION QUASHED.—A committee appointed by the Mayor and County Judge at Nashville to investigate the charge of insurrection against the negroes in jail there, have just reported, after a careful inquiry, that they find no evidence of any insurrectionary tendencies or purposes of said slaves, and that they be discharged from confinement. The confessions previously published were made by negroes unworthy of belief, and for private malice.

THEODORE PARKER ON TEMPERANCE.—In a lecture, lately, in Boston, Rev. Theodore Parker said that on a review of the whole ground, he felt convinced that so far as the laws of Maine and Massachusetts were concerned, they had not effected the desired object. He was still warmly in favour of the Washingtonian mode of warfare, and might also favour a system of licensing, if a law of that character, with proper restrictions and regulations, could be adopted.

"WHERE THE GOOD DARKIES GO."—There was in 1840, 26,502 free coloured people in the State of Louisiana. But in 1850, the number had decreased to 17,462. In the third municipality of New Orleans, they fell off from 8,704 in 1840 to 3,524 in 1850. The census man remarks that "the coloured persons who are known to have left the city, will not account for this decline." One of the reasons he gives for this great decrease is that "*they are passing into the white column!*"

THE UNITED STATES SENATE.—Eight years ago, when Governor Seward first took his seat in the Senate of the United States, there were but *two* members of that body who avowed any kind of sympathy with the political sentiments he was known to represent. Next Winter there will be in that body *twenty* Senators, acting openly and steadily with the Republican party. It is not easy to believe, in the face of such results, that the cause of hostility to the extension of slavery has made no progress.

DIALOGUE IN BROADWAY.—*Dramatis Personæ, John Van Buren and a Republican Friend.*

REPUB.—John, is Cass going as Prime Minister into Buchanan's Cabinet?

JOHN.—I don't know nor care.

REPUB.—I hope he will, as the Old Fogies will then be together. Old Buck is at least thirty years behind the age.

JOHN.—Yes—but it won't do to put Old Buck *back* thirty years, for you *put him in a d—d bad spot!* (Exeunt omnes.) —*N. Y. Times.*

I am informed that Senators Seward of New York, and Rusk of Texas will, on the expiration of the session, start on a nine months' tour round the globe. They will pass across the Isthmus by Nicaragua, thence to California, thence to the Sandwich Islands, where Senator Seward will deliver an agricultural address, thence to China, and, after passing through India and Asia Minor, Egypt, and possibly Southern Europe, will sail through the Straits of Gibraltar to the United States, so as to attend Congress in the early part of next session. A glorious programme of travel! May each of them bring back the wisdom of Ulysses.—*Wash. Cor. Evening Post.*

Mr. Webster, in his "Private Correspondence," tells an amusing anecdote of the manner in which the printer murdered the manuscript of his famous reply to Mr. Hayne. He had said, "there is no such thing as half allegiance and half rebellion; no treason made easy," alluding to books entitled "Geometry made Easy," "Logic made Easy," &c.; but, he adds, "the printer put it 'treason *madcosy!*' Twice I corrected the proof, and wrote, as I thought, plain enough, 'made easy.' But I could not make it easy, and so it has gone through the Union: 'Treason *madcosy!*' Finally I went to the press, and had the whole sentence struck out."

SNUFF TAKING IN CONGRESS.—"Speaking of snuff"—the practice of snuff taking has become universal in Congress. During the time that Henry Clay was Speaker, a box that would, perhaps, hold half a peck, was secured upon the clerk's desk, and it was made one of the duties of the clerk of the House of Representatives to have that box filled with the best Macaboy every day. The bill was paid for from the contingent fund, and is as much one of the perquisites of the members as their forty-five dollars worth of stationery and their fifty dollars' worth of newspapers per annum. The cost of the snuff last session amounted to several thousand dollars.—*Wash. Cor. N. Y. Evangelist.*

"FREE WOOL."—With this heading the Boston *Post*, of January 3, commences its leading article; and we are told that the number of withdrawals of subscription by indignant Southerners, in consequence, has very much endangered its existence. Notwithstanding that the first sentence of the article shows it to refer to Secretary Guthrie's proposal in regard to the duty on the article "wool," the possibility that it might "inflame the South" to thus hint that "a nigger's" wool could be free, makes it a flagrant "proclivity." By those who value Southern patronage and "respect," the subject of "free wool" is either not to be alluded to, or else it is to be spoken of by some phrase that has more regard for the "constitutional rights of the South."—*Evening Post.*

HEAVY SALES.—We were lately informed by Mr. Dickinson, of the firm of Dickinson & Hill, auctioneers, Richmond, that the gross amount of their sales of negroes last year reached nearly *one million and a half of dollars!* The enormous sales of other houses of a similar kind in that city would make the amount go over four millions—and still the business is increasing. We ourselves witnessed the sale of thirty-five servants at an averaged value of seven hundred dollars. Negro girls not ten years of age, sold for eight hundred dollars. If this work does not stop in a short time Virginia will be stripped of nearly all her negro population—all owing to the agitation of the infernal negro question by the fanatics of both sections. One of the negroes mentioned above, a rough carpenter nearly forty years old, brought $1,615.—*Warrenton Whig.*

AN OYSTER HOUSE MILLIONAIRE ABOUT TO RETIRE.—A GRAND SOIRE TO BE GIVEN.—A New York correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* makes the following announcement:

"Downing, the great oyster man (and who has not heard of him?) retires from business in the Spring, he having accumulated a $100,000 fortune in the oyster trade. He has kept an oyster cellar in Broad street for near twenty years, and as his lease is about expiring, the owner of the property has decided to pull down and rebuild, thus ousting the oyster dealer from his popular eating house. Downing is a gentleman of colour, and is greatly esteemed by the business men of Wall street and vicinity, and his loss will be severely felt. Before he winds up, he intends giving a grand 'blow out' at one of the hotels, to which entertainment his old customers are to be invited."

AN ARREST IN CAROLINE COUNTY.—A negro man was arrested in Caroline County last week, who resisted an application to be searched, but who was nevertheless forced to undergo it. On his person was found a letter or note, directing him to meet at some crossing, and to bring as many of his own way of thinking as possible. Urging him to the greatest caution and secresy, and closing with a repetition of the word "freedom" three times. The negro refused to make any confession or explanation, and the excited crowd assembled at Bowling Green talked strongly of taking justice in their own hands. We have since understood that the negro was examined by magistrates, and having refused to make any confession was sentenced to receive lashes, of which he has received one-third up to the time of our last information.—*Fredericksburg (Va.) Herald.*

A COLOURED MAN'S GRATITUDE.—J. B. Smith, the well-known coloured caterer of Boston, was once a slave. When he first escaped he took refuge in a Quaker's family, where he was taught to read and write, and was otherwise assisted to an education by a lady in the family, who was then in affluent circumstances. During the course of time Smith became famed as a caterer. Though he was black, the fair Goddess Fortune smiled on him; while his lady benefactress became a poor and needy widow. Yesterday, the two happened to meet in this city—the coloured man seeking out the lady. This time *he* was the benefactor, commencing with a handsome donation, and adding the assurance that so long as he is able to earn a dollar she shall never need. The lady has one small daughter with her, to whom Smith made a present on parting of a ten dollar gold piece.—*Lowell Citizen, Jan.* 14.

NEW ENGLAND UNANIMOUS.—After the 4th of March New England will not have a pro-slavery Congressman. The new Democratic policy has been the death of them all. Toucey lost his seat by his unwillingness to run after runaway negroes—Bradbury repealed himself with the Missouri Compromise—Wells and Williams sacrificed themselves on the altar of friendship for Pierce—Everett's absence from the Nebraska vote has led to his absence ever since—James has upheld the Administration to his own downfall—Allen, the sole remaining Democrat from New England, will owe his place, if he keeps it, to his Free Soil sympathies and votes: while in the other House every Representative from Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island, is a thoroughgoing and uncompromising Republican. Poor encouragement for Doughfaces in that "section!"—*Albany Journal.*

A FASHIONABLE CHURCH IN DIFFICULTIES.—The New York *Herald*, speaking of one of the most fashionable churches (a Baptist church), in the Fifth Avenue, says that it is "now in a tight place, financially speaking. It is heavily in debt, and in danger of being sold out by the sheriff. It is a Baptist church, but the preacher is not exactly the type of him who preached in the wilderness of Judea. His raiment is not of camel's hair, but of the finest broadcloth; his meat is something more elaborate than locusts and wild honey; the water thing more elaborate than locusts and wild honey; the water in his Jordan comes from far away in the country, and is carefully warmed for fear that the faithful might take cold in immersion. He does not cry, 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand,' but he preaches pleasant dulcet discourses, showing the whitest of hands—the most immaculate of pocket handkerchiefs—the most splendid of ambrosial curls. He is a sweet preacher for the ladies, and thoroughly understands the *dilletantism* of modern Christianity. Decidedly John the Baptist would be astonished at his Fifth Avenue representative!"

COMFORT OF THE ANIMALS.—Senator Butler, of South Carolina, said in his place in the Senate, that in his part of the country field hands were allowed from two and a half to three pounds of *bacon* a week, with as much bread as they wanted. He allows his own hands three pounds of bacon, and as much bread and vegetables, and in Summer as much milk, as they choose. By bread the Senator means corn meal. An Alabama man writes to the *National Intelligencer* that in his State "it is the almost universal rule and custom to give to each negro three and a half pounds of bacon and one peck (fourteen pounds) of corn meal per week. Besides these rations, the negroes on ninety-nine plantations in every hundred are supplied with as many sweet potatoes, turnips, cabbages, peas, beans, pumpkins and other kinds of vegetables as they will consume. To these are *generally* added rations of molasses twice or three times a week." He adds that public sentiment would stigmatize as a brute any man who should put his negroes on shorter rations. We have no doubt these statements are substantially true. The planter who should half starve his slaves would be as unthrifty as the Northern farmer who keeps his oxen lean and half-fed. But what a limited view of the subject the advocates of slavery exhibit when they parade the abundant fodder of their human chattels as a sufficient answer to everything that is said against slavery. As if filling the gullet and alimentary canal with pork and corn were the chief end of man.—*Springfield Republican.*

DR. G. W. F. MELLEN.—The following in regard to Dr. Mellen, is from the Boston *Daily Advertiser*:

"*Be Charitable to the Unfortunate.*—It will be remembered by our readers that the public for a few years past, has amused itself considerably by humouring the whims of two men who have been considered monomaniacs, and that one of those men—Dr. Mellen—was compelled to seek refuge last Spring in one of our public institutions. Those who have encouraged these men in their fancies, for the sake of a moment's amusement, have doubtless regretted their conduct when they witnessed its results, and the time for reflection came. It has taught them a lesson from which we trust they will profit in the future. We understand that during Dr. Mellen's retirement, freedom from excitement has restored the balance of his mind, and that to-morrow he will come out again into the world, intending to take a part in its active and earnest duties. It is our earnest hope that he will be unmolested, and will be treated as a man among men."

THE MILLIONAIRE NEGRO-SINGER.—Among the celebrities of New York is E. P. Christy, the negro minstrel, who, having made a princely fortune out of burnt cork and Ethiopian melodies, now lives the life of a wealthy and fashionable New Yorker. He recently made a great dash in the streets, with a magnificent sleigh, which attracted unusual attention, from its splendour and the beauty of the prancing stud of snow-white horses to which it was attached. In the Summer he drives out in an el

Miscellaneous Department.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

The position occupied by Cyrano de Bergerac in literary history is the reverse of eminent. When people write about the Gulliver's Travels of Swift, they sometimes set down certain imaginary voyages of one Cyrano de Bergerac as likely to have suggested to the sarcastic dean the notion of doing something else on a similar plan; and this hypothesis is invariably followed by the assertion that, if it be true, the imitation far surpassed the original. Cyrano de Bergerac receives about the same degree of honour which is awarded to the falling apple that set Sir Isaac Newton a-thinking about the theory of gravitation. Cyrano de Bergerac set Dean Swift a-thinking: thus he fulfilled his mission, so there is an end of Cyrano de Bergerac.

Under these circumstances, if anybody dwells on Cyrano's name long enough to think at all about it, beyond remarking that it is somewhat singular and imposing, he will doubtless make up his mind that the said Cyrano wrote an exceedingly stupid book, destined, as a matter of course, to be excelled by the productions of later wits. Now, it is precisely this impression that we hope to remove by the present article. We hope to make some people believe that Cyrano de Bergerac deserves a better position than one which fluctuates between absolute oblivion and an unhonoured post in the rank and file of literature, and that his book is well worthy the slight trouble of a perusal. It is not only not stupid, but it is exceedingly amusing and clever. The great portion of it is marked by that tone of vraisemblance that renders Gulliver's Tale's so attractive; the incidents are far more varied and ingenious than in that celebrated work; the satire against social prejudices and conventions is equally penetrating and sometimes equally cynical. Let us add, that Cyrano's book possesses a charm for the intellectual reader to which there is nothing corresponding in Swift—namely, a reverence for science, manifested throughout. For the bulk of mankind he shows, perhaps, little more respect than Swift for the Yahoos; but with science he plays lovingly. With the Voyage to the Country of the Houyhnhnms, he would probably have sympathized but not with the Voyage to Laputa, with its comprehensive sneer, spreading over, not only speculative philosophy but practical science. He flourished at an epoch when natural science was in its first dawn, when all the thinkers of the age were inspired by Bacon, Descartes, Galileo, and Gassendi; and his book clearly betokens a mind that hailed the advancing light, albeit disposed to regard the new revelations in a fantastic spirit. Though he constructs marvels with the facility of a Munchausen, and with the same regard for the relations of cause and effect, which thus become ridiculous from the absurdities for which they are forced to account, he leaves no doubt in his reader's mind that he seriously believes in the Epicurean system, in a plurality of worlds, and in the atomic theory, propounded in his day by Gassendi, and that he has some crude notions of the theory of attraction, afterwards perfected by Newton. Indeed, it is hard not to surmise that the diffusion of scientific truths in an amusing orm was one of the objects of his book.

Before proceeding to the work itself, we may as well dispose of a question, which doubtless has been suggested to some of our readers by the title of this article—Who was Cyrano de Bergerac? To this question we reply that Savinien Cyrano de Bergerac (that's his full name) was an officer in the French service, born at the Château de Bergerac, in the Perigord, about the year sixteen hundred and twenty, and especially distinguished as a reckless duellist. Wounded at the siege of Arras in sixteen hundred and forty-one, he is said to have quitted the service, and to have devoted himself to the study of philosophy, forcing himself by sheer intimidation into a class taught by Gassendi. In sixteen hundred and fifty-five, at the early age of thirty-five, he died in consequence of an accident, leaving behind him the reputation of a penitent atheist. His literary celebrity during his life-time was based upon a tragedy called Agrippine, and a comedy entitled Le Pédadt Joué, singular as the first play in which a provincial dialect was ever introduced upon the Parisian stage. The Comical History of the States and Empires of the Moon, and the Comical History of the States and Empire of the Sun, were published after his death by his friend, M. Lebret. To these, which form one continuous narrative, we now proceed without further introduction.

The record of Cyrano's Voyage to the Moon commences with the short report of a discussion between himself and a party of gay companions as to the nature of the satellite. He is laughed to scorn, when he maintains the opinion that the moon is inhabited; but is confirmed in his belief by the discovery on his table of a volume of Cardan, in which the same doctrine is asserted in the testimony of two mysterious old men, who paid the philosopher a supernatural visit. Not satisfied, however, with mere theory, he resolves to inspect the moon in person; and to this end he fastens round about him a number of vials filled with dew, which, rising into the air, under the influence of the morning-sun, lift him high above the earth, but in a wrong direction, for the moon appears farther off than ever. To prevent further continuance in the wrong path, he breaks several of the vials and descends to the earth, where, to his astonishment, there is every appearance of noon-day; although, according to his own computation, it ought to be midnight. The enigma is solved by the discovery that he is in Canada, the earth having accomplished a partial revolution beneath his feet, while he was suspended in mid-air. Here he is brought before the viceroy, who gives him a hospitable reception, and enters into a discussion on the solar system, in which Cyrano maintains the modern theory, which places the sun in the centre.

The argument is carried on, not in an abstruse manner, but by a constant appeal to common sense, and by allusions of the most popular kind. To suppose that the great luminary turned round such an insignificant point as the earth, is as absurd as to believe that a grate revolves to roast a lark; and, as for the hypothesis, that the sun merely exists for the use of terrestrial man, we ought rather to think that we catch rays destined for higher purposes, just as a low fellow in the street may accidentally be lighted by the king's torch.

The notion of visiting the moon is not abandoned, and Cyrano constructs a machine, which he does not closely describe, but in which a spring seems to be the most important element. His first essay proves unfortunate; he gets a severe tumble, which obliges him to return to his lodging and rub himself over with beef-marrow, as a remedy for his bruises; and what is still worse, the machine is picked up by some soldiers, who conceive that by surrounding it with fuses they may use it as a gigantic rocket, which will have all the appearance of a flying-dragon. Just as a soldier is lighting one of the fuses in the principal square of Quebec, the outraged machine is discovered by its lawful master, who jumps into it, with the intention of tearing off the combustibles. Too late! The fireworks at once take him up into the clouds, and he has all the horror of ascending in the midst of a general combustion.

Strange to say, after the fuses have burned out, and the machine has fallen from him, he still continues rising. It is the moon that now attracts him, by her action on the beef-marrow; and, after another violent fall, he finds himself under one of the lunar trees, not materially injured by his voyage.

The landscape which meets his gaze, fills him with admiration, and affords him an opportunity of dilating upon the picturesque objects that do not differ from those of the earth, save by their superior beauty. The first person he meets, is a young man, who is, like himself, a traveller from the sublunar region, but who has accomplished his voyage by means far more ingenious than either of those devised by Cyrano. Having first taken a load-stone—two feet square—he extracted its essence, and formed of it a moderately sized ball. Then seating himself in a machine of iron, he threw the ball as high as he could, and at once it drew up the machine, till it was again in his hands. A series of throws bringing him nearer and nearer to the moon, he at last reached its surface, having taken extra precautions to break his fall at the last stage. Through all the author's extravagancies the notion of attraction seemed to be ever uppermost in his mind.

The episode of the young traveller comes to an abrupt conclusion, and Cyrano meets two inhabitants of the moon, who differ from sublunar men by their colossal stature (twelve cubits is their average height) and the custom of walking on all-fours. Being taken to the nearest town, he is confided to the care of a citizen, who is accustomed to keep rare animals, and who, delighted with the possession of so extraordinary a dwarf, makes him perform all sorts of tricks, and exhibits him to the public for a pecuniary consideration. From this degrading situation poor Cyrano is delivered by a singular personage, who accosts him in Greek, and is no other than the ci-devant Genius of Socrates, who, being a native of the sun, visits the moon and earth at pleasure. Instructed by the king, who wishes to see the dwarf at court, the demon dons the form of an athletic young man, who has just died in a hospital, and, adopting the normal fashion of walking upon all-fours, carries Cyrano on his back to an inn, where he is to await the royal pleasure. Here he is surprised with a sort of Barmecide repast. Seated at a table, on which no sort of comestible is apparent, he asks for some soup, when the room is at once filled with a most savoury odour. The request of the courteous demon that he will finish his soup, and take something else, ruffles his temper, and "Where the d—— is the soup?" is his unnatural ejaculation. He is now informed that the inhabitants of the moon live exclusively on steam, and that the whole art of cooking consists in the collection of a variety of delicious exhalations within large vessels, which are opened in accordance with the varying taste of the lunar bonvivants. In spite of this explanation, Cyrano desires more substantial fare, and a dozen of larks are accordingly shot with a composition that kills and roasts them at the same moment. The currency of the country is as light as the food, consisting of copies of verses submitted to the judgment of the Mint, and valued according to a tariff of merit. Hence, a poet is always rich, and blockheads alone die of starvation. A sonnet covers the expenses of two persons at a respectable hotel for an entire week.

By order of the king, Cyrano is no sooner presented at court, than he is given as a companion to a Spanish gentleman, who has come to the moon to escape from the Inquisition in his own country, and is kept by the queen as an ape. This Castilian is a supporter of the atomic theory, and his discourses with his fellow captive on the subject of atoms and a vacuum, are in the spirit of Lucretius. The author here is no longer the fantastic novelist, but the zealous disciple of Gassendi.

The presence in the kingdom of two beings, human in shape, diminutive in stature, and biped by habit or nature, not only causes a great commotion in the multitude, but produces a schism among the learned, and the question, whether Cyrano and his friend are really to be deemed human or not, is the leading topic of the day. The old assertion, that man by holding his head erect demonstrates his superiority to the brutes has ever been a favourite common-place. Hence there is humour as well as ingenuity in the argument used by the orthodox lunar party, who would disprove the humanity of the two terrestrials, on the ground of their biped condition. "Only look how they lift their heads towards heaven; the universal privation they endure is the cause of this position, by which they lament to heaven that they were born, and request permission to partake of our leavings. But we—we have our heads directed downwards that we may contemplate the wealth that we may possess, in the full conviction that there is nothing above us to be desired in our present happy condition." Again: "We walk on all-fours, because beings so precious could not be trusted to a less firm position; we rest upon four pillars that we may not fall. But, as for these two brutes, nature has only placed them on two paws, deeming the preservation of such paltry things unworthy of her solicitude."

The discussions that arise as to the true character of the extraordinary dwarfs, are deemed so dangerous to the public faith, that a decree is issued declaring that Cyrano is simply a bird without feathers, and he is consequently put into a cage. Here, from the concourse of visitors, he gradually learns the language of the people, and displays so much wit, that a new decree is necessary to declare that these signs of intellect are to be attributed to no higher source than animal instinct. These official measures do not curb the spirit of faction; the party in favour of Cyrano increases in strength; his condition is examined anew; and, at last, through the exertions of hostile savans he is formally brought to trial, for the impious assertion, that the moon from which he came is a world, and that the world on which he stands is only a moon. A death by drowning is the punishment proper to offences of this sort, but Cyrano is saved by the arguments of a wise advocate, who contends that if the prisoner is a man, he has a right to freedom of thought; if he is a brute, he has merely spoken by native instinct, and cannot be regarded as a criminal. The first of these positions enables the author to inculcate religious toleration and scientific freedom in a manner that, in his day, was considered audacious. The advocate proves afterwards to be Cyrano's old friend, the Demon of Socrates, who has put on this new shape to effect his deliverance.

With the liberation of Cyrano, who is, however, forced to make a public recantation of his heresies, his adventures in the moon conclude, and the rest of his sojourn is chiefly occupied with a record of the theories propounded by divers lunar sages. These are, for the most part, startling paradoxes, maintained in a style that renders it sometimes difficult to discover whether the author is in jest or earnest. Youth is declared to be more worthy of respect than age; the duty of child to parent is explained away, with a cynicism which anticipates Swift; and the cruelty of cutting live cabbages is exposed in a florid strain of virtuous indignation: "Do you not believe, in truth, that if this plant could speak when it was cut, it would say, 'Man—my dear brother, what have I done to merit death? I only grow in gardens; I am never found in a savage place, where I might live in security; I scorn all society but thine. Scarcely am I planted, in thy garden, than, to show my kindly feeling, I expand—I open my arms. I offer thee my children in the grain; and thou repayest my kindness by cutting off my head.' This is the discourse that the cabbage would hold, if it had the command of words. Well, then. Because it is unable to complain are we justified in doing it all the mischief that it cannot prevent? If I find a miserable wretch bound, can I, without a crime, kill him because he is unable to defend himself? Perhaps a cabbage possesses an universal intellect; a perfect knowledge of all things. Perhaps for this very reason, it has been provided, not with organs like ours—like those of creatures who are endowed with a weak and fallible reason—but with others, more ingeniously elaborated, stronger, and more numerous; with which it carries on its high speculations."

A desire to return to earth having taken possession of Cyrano, he is carried back by the friendly demon, who sets him down at his own request in the neighbourhood of Rome. No sooner has he touched terra firma than he is assailed by dogs, with a ferocity for which he cannot, at first, account. At last he recollects that dogs are in the habit of baying at the moon, and conjectures that the smell of the moon fresh upon him has been detected by the canine nostril. By lying for some hours in the sun he removes this inconvenience; the dogs bark at him no longer: and after having gratified his curiosity by viewing the wonders of Rome, he sets sail for his own country.

So ends the first of his two books. The second commences with his arrival in France, when he publishes the narrative of his lunar expedition, and at once becomes a literary lion. Soon, however, admiration for his genius degenerates into a suspicion that he is a wizard, and he is consequently lodged in the prison of Toulon. Through the intervention of powerful friends he is, nevertheless, allowed to amuse himself in his own way, and he employs his time in the construction of a new machine. This consists of a large box with an aperture at the top and bottom, and a hollow crystal globe, likewise with an aperture, which is fitted closely to the opening at the top of the box. The globe is moreover cut into facets, which, like so many lenses, are capable of concentrating the rays of the sun in the interior of the machine. Placing this machine on the terrace of his prison, and seating himself within, he soon finds the city of Toulon disappear beneath his feet. The rays of the sun have, as he had purposed, created a vacuum within the globe, and the external air rushing in through the nether aperture to supply the void, has lifted him up with its violence, so that he is once more an aërial traveller. After floating for four months in the higher regions without taking food or feeling hunger (for his proximity to the sun, increasing the supply of radical heat, has rendered other nutrition unnecessary), he alights on a solar spot, which is a world in itself, and meets a little man, who discourses with him in a language which he has never heard before, but of which, nevertheless, he can understand every word. This language is an ideal tongue, in which words exactly correspond to the things signified, and therefore every rational being can comprehend it by a sort of instinct. After hearing from the little man a grave discourse on the origin of the world, Cyrano proceeds on his voyage, and, approaching still nearer to the sun, is astonished to find that the machine has suddenly disappeared, and that he is floating along surrounded by nothing but sky. However, when he stretches out his arms, he comes into contact with an unseen obstacle, and when he looks at his own body, his heart, liver and lungs are visible. The mystery is now solved: he is still in the machine as before, but the sun, with its natural tendency to purify matter from its opacity, has rendered it so completely transparent that it is no longer an object of vision. On living things the action of the sun is less powerful; and hence his own frame is only rendered sufficiently transparent to allow of the internal revelations before mentioned. Through the increased rarefaction of the air, there now seems considerable danger that the sun will never be reached; for, only a slight breeze, scarcely sufficient to sustain the traveller, enters the lower aperture of the box. However, such is the influence of the will on the body in these sublime regions, that the mere desire to touch the parent of light draws Cyrano towards his goal; and, pressing against the interior of the box, he forces it along with him. Weary of the machine which has now become an incumbrance, he feels for the door, opens it, and gets out; but, in so doing, accidentally breaks the crystal globe. A noise like thunder ensues; the machine falls by its own weight, and Cyrano sees it in its descent; for, it naturally passes through those lower regions, in which matter becomes opaque.

Two and twenty months have elapsed since Cyrano's departure from Toulon, when he sets his foot on the luminous plains of the sun, where flakes of burning snow seem to compose the soil. It is a peculiarity of this new world that he is equally at his ease in any attitude. Whether he walks on his feet, or on his head; whether he stands on his ear or his elbow, he always feels upright. This phenomenon may easily be explained. The sun is a world without a centre, and as weight is nothing but the attraction of a body to the centre, a body on the surface of the sun is naturally without weight. How marvellously are truth and fallacy mixed up together in this argument!

After much wandering, Cyrano finds himself at the foot of a tree with a golden trunk, silver branches and flowers, and leaves composed of precious stones. While his eyes are fixed upon a pomegranate, that is a mass of rubies, and his ears are regaled by the song of a nightingale seated in the tree, a little head issues from the fruit, and presently a diminutive form begins gradually to manifest itself, until, its full development being attained, it drops at his feet, a perfect human being, no taller than his thumb. The astonishment awakened by this marvel is increased by the solution of the entire tree into a multitude of tiny men, of whom the humanized pomegranate is king. These execute a furious dance, their movements being so rapid that it soon becomes impossible to discern their individual forms, till at last they are all massed together so as to form a young man of middle size. Some English readers may possibly be reminded of the curious figure in the frontispiece to Hobbe's Leviathan.

The middle-sized young man remains destitute of animation until the little king jumps down his throat, when he explains the extraordinary proceedings that have taken place before the eyes of the wondering traveller. The people, whom he has just seen, are inhabitants of the brighter parts of the sun, who, to amuse themselves by travelling, have, in the first instance, taken the form of eagles: the king becoming a nightingale, to recreate them with his song. On their route they have met with a nightingale of the darker regions, who has contracted such an affection for the metamorphosed king, that it is impossible to get rid of her without going through a series of transformations, to prove that the beloved object is of a species superior to her own. The tree, which first attracted the attention of the traveller, was the last transformation of the sun; and the nightingale, who, being a real nightingale, remains unchanged, has agreed to return to her home, in the darker regions.

This explanation being given, the little king, resuming the form of a nightingale, flies out of the mouth of the speaker, who at once resolves himself into a number of eagles. In this transformation there is nothing supernatural. The inhabitants of the brighter regions of the sun are endowed with such a strong imagination, and with such a subtle frame, that the latter is completely under the rule of the former, which arranges every material particle at pleasure. What can be more natural!

By following the course of the eagles, Cyrano at last finds himself in the Land of Birds, which is situated in the darker part of the sun. Here he is made prisoner by the feathered inhabitants, and tried, as a member of the human race, so long notorious for its cruelty to birds. The strong opinion entertained in this country of the inferiority of man allows the author an opportunity of indulging in that species of cynicism which afterwards found its most odious expression in Gulliver's description of the Yahoos. "If man," says a philosophical bird, "was an animal only a little more similar to ourselves, something might be said. But nothing could be more dissimilar; and he is, besides, the ugliest of creatures—a beast without a natural coat, a plucked bird; in a word, a chimera, formed by an amalgamation of every species of being, and alike repugnant to them all. Man, forsooth! A creature so foolish and so vain as to persuade himself that we were made for his use! Man, who, with his penetrating intellect, cannot distinguish between sugar and arsenic, and who will swallow hemlock, which his acute judgment has made him take for parsley! Man, who contends that reasoning cannot be carried on without the aid of the senses, and who, nevertheless, has senses weaker, slower, and more fallacious than those of any creature whatever! Man, in fine, whom Nature, in her universality, has created as a monster, and into whom she has, moreover, infused the ambition of ruling all other animals!"

At the suggestion of a friendly magpie, who recollects the savoury cheeses she used to eat when dwelling in the habitations of man, Cyrano attempts to persuade his judges that he is an ape. He is at once consigned to the care of certain officers, who are required to examine into the truth of this allegation. A number of birds, with nutshells on their heads, go through all sorts of fantastic antics in his presence, and at last disappear altogether, without giving any explanation of their eccentricities. When the trial is resumed, their object becomes but too evident. The officers report that various tricks have been played before the prisoner, which he would certainly have imitated if he had been an ape; but, that as he did not imitate them, he is clearly not above the condition of humanity. After much pleading, he is condemned to be devoured by insects, and, on arriving at the place of execution, is held fast to a tree by four herons, who twist their long necks about his arms and legs. However, just at the critical moment, two turtle-doves bring the welcome news of a pardon, and he is carried into the presence of the king on the back of a white ostrich. A parrot, whom he once set at liberty in France, and in whose presence he has often maintained the opinion that birds were rational beings, has recognised him, and has reported these favourable facts to the king. Hence, life and liberty are immediately accorded. The government of the birds is altogether of a mild character. The royal dignity popularly assigned to the eagle is a mere human blunder. The most pacific birds are alone entrusted with the sovereign power, and, during the period of Cyrano's visit, the reigning monarch is a dove.

When he quits the land of birds, the book completely changes its character. He finds himself, in the first place, in a wood of talking trees, sprung from an acorn, which, ages before, was brought by an eagle from Dodona, and bears an origin of love which may remind the erudite of the theory assigned to Aristophanes in the Symposium of Plato. Then he comes to five fountains, which represent the five senses, and supply three rivers, called Memory, Judgment and Imagination, evidently after the division of Bacon. There is also a land of philosophers; for the choicer spirits of humanity have their appointed residences in the sun; and the newest arrival is that of M. Descartes.

An ingenious tale of wonder has thus degenerated into a frigid allegory; hence the reader is not sorry when the travels of Cyrano abruptly terminate with his introduction to the great thinker of France.—*Household Words.*

THE HANDS AND FEET INTERPRETED.

We need not point out the perfect humanity of the hand, or to tell all its distinctive features, the perfection of its utility, and the mathematical exactness of its construction. Its chief contrast with the paws that are most like it is in the fingers of these last being so short, in proportion to the length of the metacarpal part (*i. e.*, of the hand without the fingers and the thumb), or else in their being altogether so small. The bear's paw illustrates the first of these contrasts; and few things can mark intellectual inferiority more than do short convergent incurved fingers. The ape's hand illustrates the second; and mental weakness may always be suspected where, with a very small hand the thumb is especially short and weak and apish. By similar comparisons may be interpreted the hardness and horney stiffness of the palm which one sometimes finds independent of hard labour or disease; the excessive brute-like growth of hair and nails before old age, and other similar signs.

The differences of hands, according to sex and age are equally significant. The woman's hand, independently of the effects of different occupations, is naturally smaller, narrower, softer, less hairy and more delicate than the man's, and its fingers are more roundly formed. When these characters are reversed, they mark, as clearly as any other misplaced features do, the similarly misplaced mind; they betray the too strong-minded woman, and the effeminate man. In advancing years, from childhood onwards, the changes of the hands are scarcely less significant and striking than those of the face, and they have the same meaning. Like the smooth round forehead, proper to the child, so the small, soft, delicate, childish hand, when it is retained in childhood, is a sure sign of a childish disposition, with no great intellectual gifts and no strength of will. And when, before old age, the hand is lean, bony and dry, it indicates that want of warmth of feeling and of fancy, and that predominance of cold sagacity to which old age is naturally prone.

Independent of these general differences amongst hands, manifold, even thousandfold, varieties of individual form are to be found. They may be described in about four chief groups, by referring them to as many types of form. Carus adopts four, fusing some of those which D'Arpentigny, the first chirognomist, arranged. These four he names, severally, the elemental, the motor, the sensitive, and the psychical hands.

Elemental hands are such as betray a certain approximation at once to the hand of the little child and to the paw of the most man-like brutes. They are distinguished by the metacapal part being both long and broad; the palm large, thick and hard; the fingers short, thick and squared at their ends, the thumb stumpy and often turned back; the nails short, strong and hard. These characters are modified according to sex, having more of refinement in woman, and of coarseness in men; but, in general, their chief feature is a coarseness, and, as it were, a want of finish, in the construction of the hand. And such hands symbolize a rough, unfinished mind, a mind lowly developed, obtuse intelligence, slow resolution, dulness of feelings. They are found especially among the common people; and combined, as they often are, with large though coarsely modelled heads, they represent the material strength of a nation, its work, its man-power. These make the show of hands at the hustings; they are the mighty unwashed. But they are found in higher classes too; and there, though washed and gloved, and never seamed or hardened by appropriate toil, the elemental hands betray the same want of mental refinement, the same rough unfinished nature.

The Motor hand, which is especially the male hand, is characterized partly by its great size, partly by its strength of bone and muscle, and its strong projecting joints and sinews. The palm is nearly square; the fingers longer than in the elemental hand, but very strong, large-jointed, and broad-tipped; the thumb especially strong, and with a full ball; the nails suitably large, and of elongated quadrangular shape; the skin of the back firm and strong, and usually but slightly hairy.

Such a hand symbolizes strength of will, and aptness for strong sustained efforts of mind. They who have such hands are likely to be less finely sensitive and less intelligent than resolute and strong-willed. The old Roman character might be the type of the motor-headed men; and the hands of Roman senators and emperors in the works of art have almost always the genuine motor characters. The thumb, which is in all hands the most significant, because the most essentially human, member, is especially so in these; its large size always symbolizing an energetic nature.

The Sensitive is the proper feminine hand. It is never very large, and is often rather below the module in its length, and all its textures are delicate. In the palm, length predominates a little over breadth; the fingers are not proportionally longer than the motor hand, but the thumb is decidedly smaller, and much more delicate. The fingers are divided in soft and oval forms, with full-rounded tips; the nails nearly equilateral, and remarkably fine and elastic.

Men with hands thus formed are generally distinguished by feeling, by fancy, and by wit, more than by intellectual acuteness and strength of will. They commonly are of sensitive, sometimes of psychical, constitution, and generally, of sanguine temperament. But good specimens of sensitive hands are seldom found except in the higher and well-educated classes (the forms that are near the type will be mentioned presently); in the lower classes of northern countries they are seen only in women.

The Pyschical hand, the most beautiful and the rarest of all the forms, is that which is most unlike the elemental and the childish hand. It is of moderate size in proportion to the whole stature. It should measure in its length just one module; the palm a little longer than broad, never much furrowed or folded, but marked with single large lines. The fingers are fine, slender, and rather elongated; their joints are never prominent; their tips rather long, taper and delicately rounded; and they have fine nails of similar shape. The thumb is slender, well formed, and only moderately long. The skin of the whole hand is delicate, and even in a man, has but very little hair.

In their perfection psychical hands can be seen in only the bloom and strength of life. In childhood and in youth the form is not attained; in old age it is spoiled by the comparative increase of the bones and joints, and by the wrinkling of the skin.

Such rare hands are found with none but rare minds. They indicate, Carus says, a peculiar purity and interior grandeur of feeling, combined with simple clearness in knowledge and in will. And D'Arpentigny speaking, as usual, of the hands as if they were a whole mind, says, "Such hands add to the works of the thinker, as the artist does to the work of the artisan—beauty, ideality; they gild them with a sunbeam, they raise them on a pedestal; they open to them the portals of men's hearts. The soul, forgotten and left behind by philosophic hands, is the guide of these; truth in love and sublimity is their end, expansion their means."

But, it must be repeated, good examples of psychical hands are rare, unless where, through many generations, the mind has been highly educated. When they occur among the crowd of men, they often mark those who fail, because an inner vocation to some higher and unattainable sphere of action unfits them for the rough handicrafts of the lower classes. D'Arpentigny believes that psychical hands are most frequent in Asia, in the countries of the Caucasian race, and that in Europe they occur most often in Germany; but Carus gives the honour (may we say the palm?) to England, especially to the English women of the higher ranks.

These are the grand types of hands. But of hands, as of all other parts, the great majority fall short of the typical form, and have such intermediate or mixed forms, as must be interpreted by an estimate of the degrees in which they approximate to one or more of the types. The most frequent of all hands are such as are intermediate, or transitional, between the elemental and the motor of the sensitive. Those that make the transition from the sensitive to the motor type, in which, with a sensitive foundation-structure there is a more motor character and strength of the fingers and their joints, are the hands which D'Arpentigny called "artistic" and "useful." They are the eminently "handy" sort; and are often seen among mechanics, artists and musicians. Transition forms between the sensitive and and the psychical are not rare; they may indicate a poetic mind, but they are especially met with when high training and refined care of the whole organism, and especially of the hands, has been maintained for many generations. These might be called "well-bred," or the "aristocratic," hands; D'Arpentigny has named them "Maius de race." Lastly, transitions from the motor to the psychical form symbolize great thinking powers: they are "philosophic" hands.

Whatever be the form of the hand, its significance will be modified if it be not according to rule in the character appropriate to sex and age. For example, if a man have a feminine psychical hand, he will lack the grandeur and clearness of thought which the psychical hand should, in his sex, testify; and a woman with a manly psychical hand will want something of the complete beauty of the true feminine mind. So, as we have already intimated, the roundness, softness and fleshiness appropriate to childhood, will mark, whatever be the form of hand with which they are combined, a comparative feebleness of character; while the leanness and dryness, that should be delayed till old age, will, in early life, tell of hardness and narrowness in the character whatever it may be, that is symbolized by the general form of the hand.

GEORGE BANCROFT'S LIBRARY.

Mr. Bancroft's library is much such a collection as might have been expected from one who had exercised himself with distinction in so many different departments of literary labour. Alternately a teacher, a divine, a politician, a poet, a statesman, a diplomatist, a metaphysician and a historian, he has surrounded himself with a library which reflects the tastes and accomplishments which are indicated by such a diversity of talent. It contains about twelve thousand volumes, and is scattered through various apartments of his residence in 21st street. It abounds in the leading works on the history of philosophy, both ancient and modern, in the languages in which they were originally published, a very extensive collection of treatises on philosophy, from Plato to the present time, and is particularly full in the works of the German and French philosophers. In this department is to be found the most complete apparatus for the study of Aristotle, in the United States, embracing four complete editions of his works—including Edward Duval's, the Prussian Academy and Oxford editions—the best special editions of his politics, metaphysics and treatises on the soul, and writers of a large number of his commentators, among which are the works of Taylor and Trendelenburg.

The philosophical department contains a tolerably full collection relating to Plato, as well as the works of St. Athanasius, among the Greeks; St. Augustine and St. Ancel of Canterbury among the Latin fathers; and of Jacob Boehme, Bodinas, several editions of Leibnitz, the works of Fiche, father and sons, Vanini, Kant, Jacobi, Hegel, Schelling, Herborts, Spinoza, Hamann, Schleiermacher, Erdmann, Diderot, D'Abelard, Destartes, Proclus and Malebranche, among the more modern schoolmen.

The historical department embraces a copy of every *chef d'œuvre*, and many rare works of history, together with books of reference relating to every important European nation, as well as the East Indies, by which means it is possible, with the material at hand, to investigate with some degree of completeness almost any historical question that may present itself.

That portion of this department which relates to American history includes many works of exceeding rarity, among which may be mentioned a copy of Dubreu on America, with engravings of the earliest impressions; a very large collection of the Jesuit relations, including four volumes of the very rarest, and a good edition of Hakluyt, as well as the reprint. This author, who was a geographer and historian, was born at Eaton, and educated at Oxford. In 1584 he received the appointment of chaplain to the English embassy at Paris, and in 1605 was made prebendary of Westminster. His chief works are: Peter Martyn's History of the West Indies; a collection of Voyages and Discoveries of the English Nation; Virginia, richly valued by the description of Florida; and a translation of Lea's Geographical History of Africa. He died in 1616, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. In this department of the library may also be found a Purchas's Pilgrims, written by Saml. Purchas, an English divine who was born in Essex, and died rector of St. Martin's, Ludgate, in 1628. In addition to this work Purchas made a collection of voyages, which was printed in four volumes. Mr. Bancroft has also, what are very rare, a perfect copy of the original edition of Capt. John Smyth's history, and an excellent copy of *Historiæ Canadensis*, or New France, by Francois Creuxius, a work much relied upon concerning that part of America of which it treats, and mainly based upon the documents transmitted by the Jesuits to their superiors in France. The author of this work entered the Society of Jesus at eighteen years of age, devoted twelve years to the study of belles-lettres, and passed the remainder of his life in Apostolic labours, during which he found time not only to write the work in question, but several others, among which is a life of St. Francis, of Sales, which appeared in 1663, and one of John Francis, Provincial of the Society of Jesus. The first edition of the History of New France appeared in 1656, and a second one in 1664, but two years before his decease, which occurred at Bordeaux in 1666, at the age of 70 years.

It was the custom of the early Jesuits in America to report to the Superior of their order in France a full account, not only of matters pertaining to religion, but also of all secular affairs, of which they kept themselves well informed. Two of these reports were annually made: one from the upper Huron, or what is now known as Upper Canada, which was sent to the Superior residing at Quebec: the other from the Superior, which accompanied the former, and embraced an account of whatever took place within the district of Lower Canada. The first of these was made by Paul le Jeune to the Superior, R. P. Bartholemy, and is dated, "*de milieu d' un bois de plus* 800 *lieves d'estendne a Kebec, ce* 28 *d'Aoust*, 1632"—at Quebec, in the midst of a forest more than 800 leagues in extent, August 28th, 1632. This volume is so rare that doubts were at one time entertained as to its existence. It is, however, occasionally to be found, and is in Mr. Bancroft's collection.

Among the Spanish works on American history are Herara, Oveada, Berthea's Florida and Navarette.

This portion of the library is large and embraces a thorough collection of books on the general history of America, as well as of each individual State.

The department of political economy is quite full, and embraces the works of a large number of the most distinguished writers on this subject, in German and French, as well as English.

The library also includes a large number of works illustrative of the history of the arts, both in sculpture and painting, with collections of engravings from many of the principal galleries in Europe, being sufficient to give a view of the progress of art through the middle ages, up to the present time. Among these are engravings of the chief works of art in the Imperial Gallery at Reale, and the gallery of the Palazza Pitti at Florence, the Le Brun gallery of Flemish paintings, *Musé Francais* and *Musé Royale*, with complete outlines of the productions of Canova and Thorwaldsen.

But the most remarkable characteristic of Mr. Bancroft's library is the collection of manuscripts, the value of which it is difficult to over-estimate. That upon American history is contained in between two and three hundred handsomely-bound volumes, in which are to be found copies of most of the important unpublished documents relating to the history of the American Colonies, as well as to the period of the Revolution. Many of these manuscripts are copies of records in the public archives of England, France and Holland, while others are taken from private collections, including those of the Duc de Broglie, Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl of Carlisle and the Duke of Grafton. These include all the negotiations for the purchase of troops in Russia, Germany and Holland, and contain letters from Catharine of Russia, Louis XVI. of France, George III. of England, the King of Spain, many of the German princes, and Beaumarchais; none of which have ever been published. In addition are numerous unpublished letters of historical importance, of Benjamin Franklin; a large collection of letters of Joseph Warren, the martyr of Bunker Hill, embracing a greater number of his autograph letters than all the others in existence; likewise most of the letters extant of Wilkes and Catharine Macaules, relating to American affairs; a large number of the autograph lettters of John Adams, some of Washington's, Jefferson's, Christopher Gadsen of South Carolina, and Gen. Israel Putnam.

The collection also contains the unpublished journal, in several volumes, of the Boston Committee of Correspondence during the Revolution, original unpublished letters from most of the towns in Massachusetts, from a number of committees in Connecticut, many from New Hampshire and Rhode Island, the original letters from the Sons of Liberty in New York, Pennsylvania, Baltimore, Annapolis, various parts of Virginia, North Carolina, and a most valuable series relating to South Carolina; likewise one of the two original letters of William Prescott, grandfather of the historian, written in Peveril, encouraging the citizens of Boston not to yield to despondency, but to remain steadfast in the cause of liberty.

In the collection of manuscripts are nine thick folio volumes relating exclusively to the Virginia colony, and dating back to the 12th August, 1585. These volumes contain the first letters written from that portion of the Virginia colony now included in the State of North Carolina, by Ralph Lane, commander of the English ships, and which are the earliest letters written by the English in the colonies. They also embrace a long and pleasing account of the first voyage made up the James river, in Virginia, by Captain Newport, the commander of the vessel which brought the first emigrants to Virginia.

Two volumes relate to Virginia before the charter was annulled, and contain a minute account of all the controversies that took place during the term of each of the Governors, containing much of a personal nature, and are highly illustrative of the manners of the times.

But perhaps the most important papers of this period are those which relate to Bacon's rebellion, comprising an entire thick volume. Bacon, who may with great propriety be described as the precursor of Patrick Henry, was a gentleman of much note and influence in Virginia, and embued with precisely the same sentiments which, a century later, fanned the embers of the Revolutionary War into a flame, and resulted in the achievement of American liberty. It is a somewhat singular coincidence, that this rebellion, which brought many of those concerned to the gallows, from which Bacon only escaped by contracting a fever of which he died, should have occurred precisely one century prior to the Declaration of Independence, apparently as a forerunner of coming events. There is also a complete enumeration of the population of Virginia for the year 1623, giving the name and residence of each inhabitant, as well as the number of deaths which occurred during the year. From this enumeration it appears that the whole population amounted to a little above 1,500, of which but twenty were negroes, being but 1 1-4 per cent. of the whole population. The first account of a negro being brought into Virginia was in 1620, when one or more were landed from a Dutch ship.

The manuscript portion of the library is, of course, to the possessor above all price. Each day is drifting us further away from that period, so important to the destinies of this country, to which these manuscripts refer, and rendering whatever facts are immediately connected with it more rare and difficult of attainment. As history is made up of isolated events, not usually found in one connected and unbroken series until brought together after great research and care by the historian, it is obvious that these unpublished documents, which constitute a valuable part of the materials from which our own history is to be constructed, possess a value which cannot be estimated by the ordinary rules of trade.

One peculiar feature of this library is the large number of presentation copies of the works of the most distinguished living authors in Europe and America, with the autographs of the writers. Among the large number of objects of attraction which challenge the attention of the visitor is one which, although not properly a portion of the library, yet, on account of its associations, is a subject of especial interest. This is a small copy of Rogers's Italy, which the author was accustomed to carry in his pocket, and upon which are noted his latest emendations in his own handwriting. This was presented to Mrs. Bancroft by the venerable author not many years before his decease, and is particularly valuable because it contains his latest thoughts on this popular and carefully-written production.

This literary treasure occupies a place in the library room immediately below Mr. Bancroft's study, which is likewise the depository of the Jesuit relations, the large collection of valuable manuscripts, and a great number of works of rare value. The room occupied by the historian as his study contains such works as are in immediate demand, and may be reached without much labour. This and the adjoining apartment are occupied in every nook by shelves so closely packed with books that it is impossible for them to admit of any additions. Those works relating to art, which are numerous and costly, have, in connection with a valuable series of maps, an apartment chiefly devoted to their accommodation.

The whole library is composed of excellent editions, in good preservation, and for the most part in handsome bindings.—*Evening Post.*

THE EARLY PRINTERS.

Learned themselves, and engaged in printing from ancient and classical manuscripts, they were naturally associates of the first literary characters of the time—indeed, in the infancy of printing, and long afterwards, the occupation was considered highly honourable, and was only undertaken by well educated persons. It became the glory of the learned to be known as correctors of the press to literary printers—physic